

KALEIDOSCOPE '66
BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP

Twenty centuries have passed! Turn after turn...Twist after twist. And here we are. Do we still aim for beautiful forms? We do. But our minds are more critical. We are deeply aware that forms are transitory. That man might be transitory. There have been too many turns.

New generations have arisen. They still cherish the form but they look beyond, they look underneath. They look for Meaning.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know," wrote the poet of classical revival.

Alas, no longer! We have to know more. Form and beauty are but expressions; chaos and ugliness are but expressions. Expressions of what? What lies beyond? What lies underneath?

Our horizons have turned limitless; the Universe endless; the immeasurable spaces contain countless galaxies. The atom is energy; space and time are no longer absolute. Form is a construct; beauty is relative.

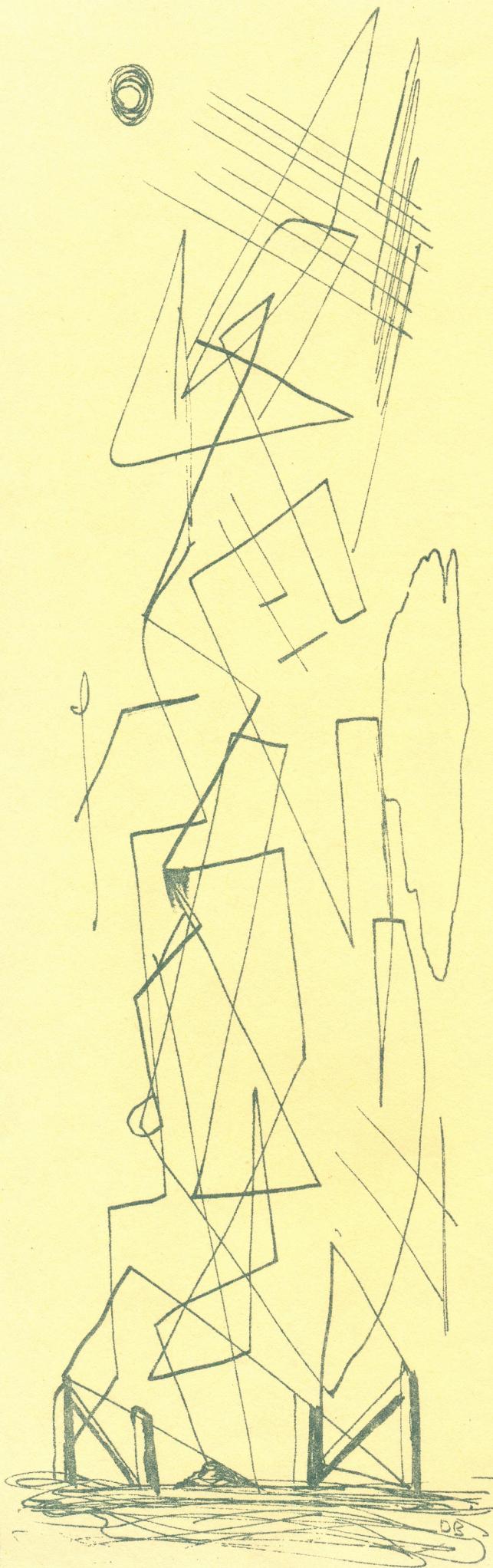
And then the discovery: It is I, it is everyone of us, who holds the kaleidoscope. We turn it, we turn it at will. It is I who peers into the sight, it is my eye that discovers forms, it is my mind that gives meaning to form, and existence to beauty.

"There is sadness in being a man but it is a proud thing, too."

And we are proud.

Kaleidoscope: This is our book. This was our summer. This was our attempt to give meaning to eight short weeks. This is our life. We shall give it meaning, we shall strive to fathom the unfathomable mystery of our existence. We shall live bravely all our presents that bridge the awesome chasm between our pasts and our futures.





the huge boulder it
is irregular but it
is omnipresent

form...

trying to discover

my own self

attempting

to fill different shapes

to jump sometimes

then to flow

to sparkle

or to glide

I develop new muscles

think new thoughts

my muscles now

my thoughts

turning somersaults to see

which way

up

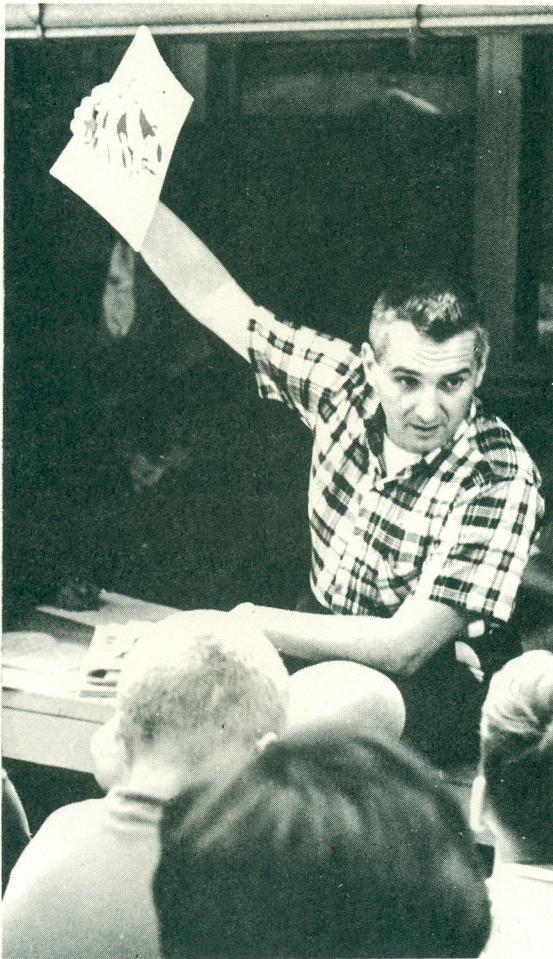
will come out this time

trying to find my

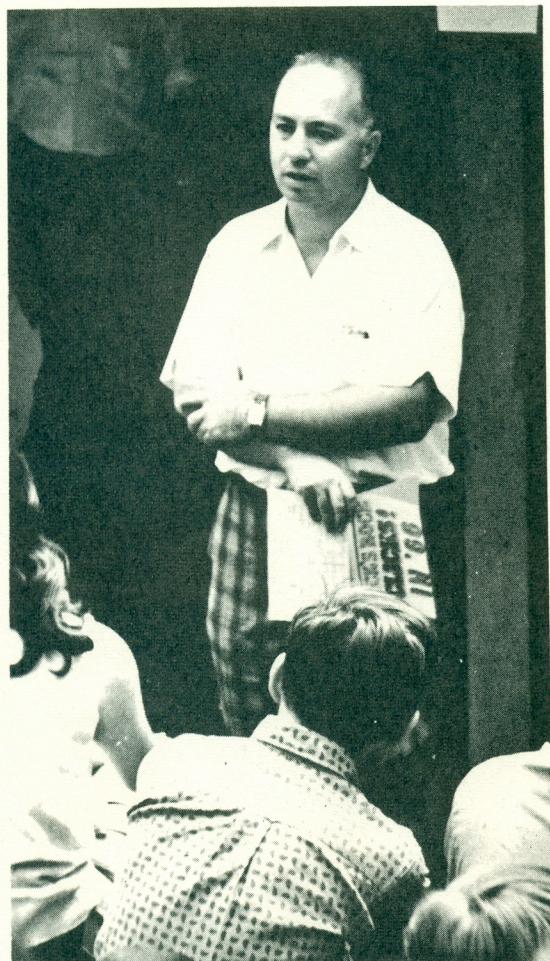
center my

balance my core

Those First



Chaotic Hours



Whoopie!

it happens in a vague sort of blur in which your parents and bunk-mates mingle and people are kissing you good-bye and you wish they'd leave because the combination of camp and home is one you'd like to avoid and somehow they've left and you can do nothing but look to see where they put your sweatshirts when they unpacked and then you set out. you go out and you look and you see if the world you hated to leave last summer is still in existence and you find that it is even though the edges are still blurred by memory that is mixed with the flying tip-of-your-tongue madness that involves everyone. you throw yourself into what seems like a whirling that never stops and you know that it will take you a while to realize that the rush is only people who are so relaxed that they aren't even hurrying, and that it will take you a while to get used to it. soon a whole new concept will be handed onto you and you've heard it before and you feel relieved because it hasn't changed since last time, and within a few days you find yourself a part of this spinning fantasy called camp, flying through the day with speed and happiness and unrecognizable joy, for you have found that the stopping-holding-you-back forces are gone and you have soon forgotten the winter and last summer never stopped...

Betsy Schulz

That First Morning

A shiny black crow fluttered its wings and took to the air as I crept toward it. It was early in the morning, before the first gong had rung. The grass was gleaming with drops of dew and the trees were perfectly still, as though they were in frozen animation. The sky was gray and the sun had not yet peeked over the tops of the mountains. Only a weak glow could be seen in the east. The camp was asleep, except for me and a few other campers who were strewn about on the grass, jotting notes on paper. I sat still and listened for a long time. At first I heard a confusion of birds calling and chirping, but as I continued to listen I could pick out one or two calls that seemed to ring and echo over the mountains. Occasionally, the chirping was interrupted by a contented moo from the cow at the farm. The buzzing sound of a plane grew louder and louder and then faded away. The air was crisp and chilly and tense with a suspended excitement. The smells of grass and dew mingled. I was shaken from my daze by the ring of the gong piercing the stillness. The sky was turning blue and a few rays began to trickle out between the mountains. The camp began to stir and shouts and chattering from the bunks began to drown out the quiet morning sounds.

Paul Housberg

Creative Writing Class at Dawn

It was my second day at camp. I woke up early in the morning, wondering if it was six-thirty yet. A counselor was supposed to get me up when it was time to leave the bunk to write. They'd all said something about an early morning creative writing class and I'd decided to go. I wondered whether I ought to wait for someone to come and get me up. The clock said twenty after six. I decided not to wait.

I dressed slowly and walked out of my bunk, thinking about how different this was, my second summer at Buck's Rock. Would it be like the first, I wondered. Would I make all the same mistakes, or had I really grown? A whole summer in front of me, to make, to do...

I walked up to the oak tree and sat down. A group of people had already gathered and Lou had started talking. I sat down quietly and listened to the talk about the early morning and the quiet campgrounds and how within an hour it would be nearly impossible to hear, to smell, to feel this peacefulness that was all around us. I stared at the ground, and started making little piles of dirt with my fingers. I looked up and heard Lou saying something about our going off and writing. Was it okay to write about anything? Did we have to write about the early morning? Of course not...I looked around at all the new faces, the new people at the Print Shop, the new campers. I decided I wasn't relaxed enough to write about anything as relaxed and calm as the early morning. I had just finished a hectic ten months in front of me in a place that I thought I had known but that, in actuality, was different from last year. I was different, too, I guess Buck's Rock never remains static...neither do individuals.

We were told to come back at the gong. I walked a ways down the road, listening to everything around. I went off to a quiet spot up on a hill and sat for a

at a piece of paper I wrote in my house while I sat
while, thinking, just thinking about everything,
about Buck's Rock, about me, about the winter, and
the summer--just about everything...the trees and the
sky and the grass and the rocks...I hadn't seen such
an expanse of them in...in ten months. I took out
my pad and the tiny pencil, and chewed on its end for
a while. I was suddenly a moth emerged from a cocoon
of winter memories; a caterpillar last year, a new
creature this year. I sat. I thought. I stopped.
I relaxed. I was suddenly once again able to realize
what I was thinking. I had time to go off on as many
tangents as my mind desired. I could analyze, reject,
accept...

The gong rang and I walked back to the oak tree.
I gave in my piece of meager writing, my neglected
winter art. I smiled at old faces. I walked back to
my bunk. I had created something; good, bad, indif-
ferent...My summer at Buck's Rock had really begun.

at noon or afterwards when the sun had
descended. The last faint embers of a pool of flame
still glowed before the stone walls behind it
and hissed here and there. Naomi Cohen would tell the
gymnasts to go lay a single candle on each
pair of used swill bottles made of fine
glass...the names of the men whose
names had been written on the bottle
began to appear. I watched her set a good bright
fire in the boxcar so everyone could sit at their
desks and write their names on the glass. When
she had finished I took out my pencil and paper
and began to write my name. I had to special
order my name because it was a very odd one.
I had to make up a whole bunch of symbols

and letters to make my name look like what it
was. I wrote my name at the top of the page and then
began to write my name again below it.

"SPEAK, WHAT TRADE ARE THOU?"



PRINT AND PUBLICATIONS SHOP

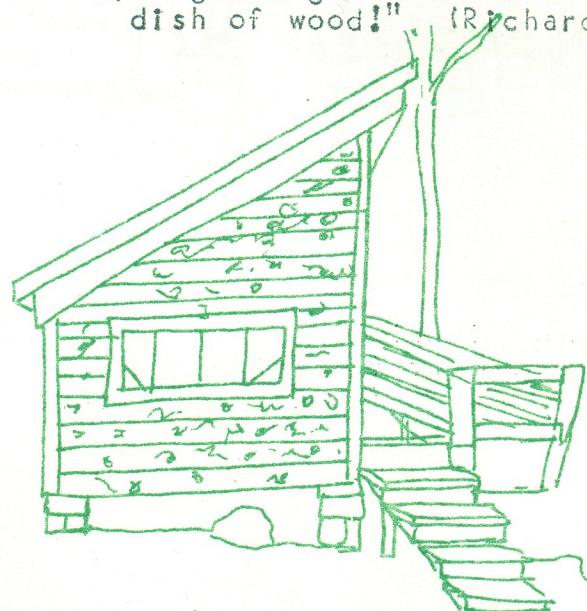
"Oh, that way madness lies..."
(Lear)



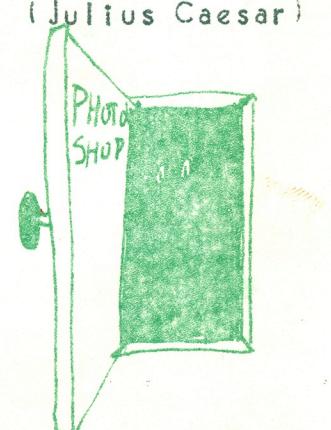
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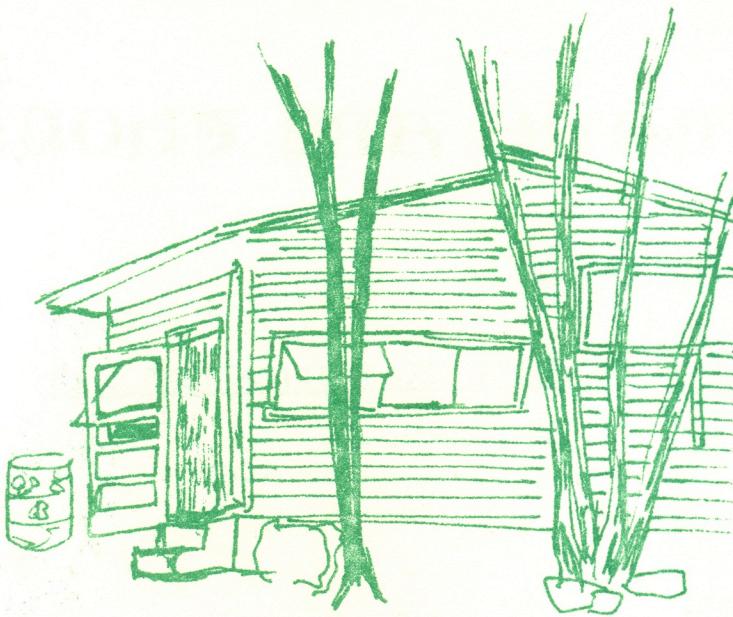
"Knit up (that) raveled sleeve."
(Macbeth)

"Yond fellow has a lean and hungry
look. He reads too much, such
men are dangerous."
(Julius Caesar)



"What light through yonder skylight breaks?"
(Romeo and Juliet)





SILKSCREEN SHOP

"There's a divinity that shapes
our ends,
Roughhew them how we will."
(Hamlet)



SCIENCE LAB

"Is man no more than this?
a bare forked animal?"
(King Lear)



HAM SHACK

"O Liberia, Liberia,
wherefore art thou Liberia?"
(Romeo and Juliet)



SILVER SHOP

"...thou silver treasure house,
Tell me once more what title
thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as
much as he deserves!"
(Merchant of Venice)



ANIMAL FARM

"All the perfumes of Arabia will
not sweeten this little hand."
(Macbeth)

CONSTRUCTION

"These walls will stand,
Though castles topple on
their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids
do slope
Their heads to their foundations."
(Macbeth)

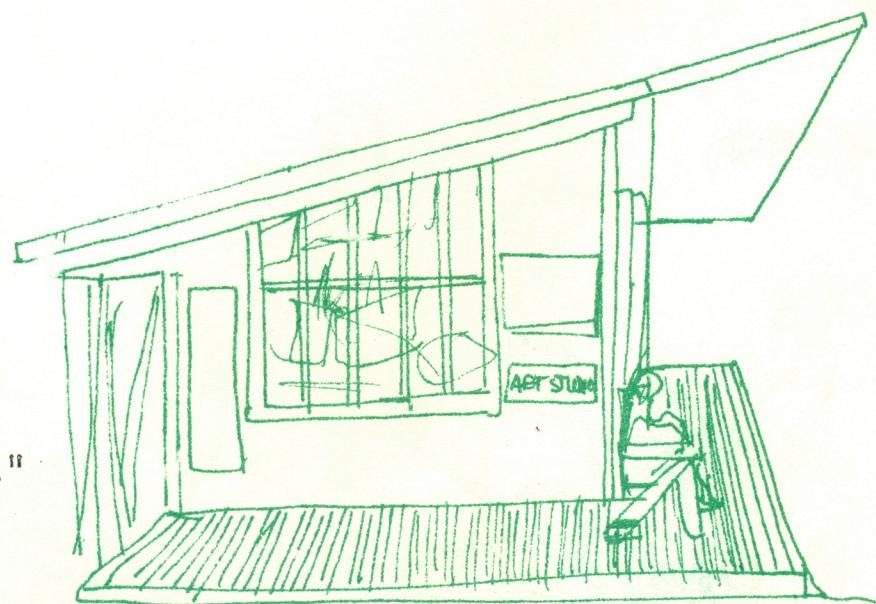


VEGETABLE FARM

"Ripeness is all."
(Lear)

ART SHOP

"Though this be madness,
yet there is method in it."
(Hamlet)



Proposed by BP3 Kommen



CERAMICS SHOP

"Double, double toil
and trouble,
Crawling glazes rise
and bubble."
(Macbeth)



FABRIC DESIGN SHOP

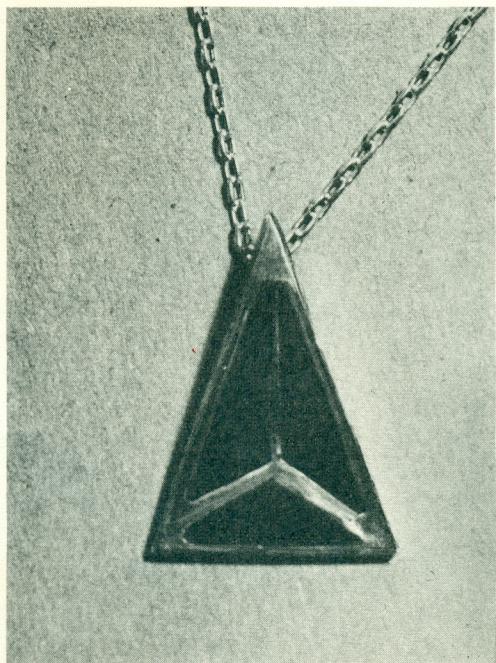
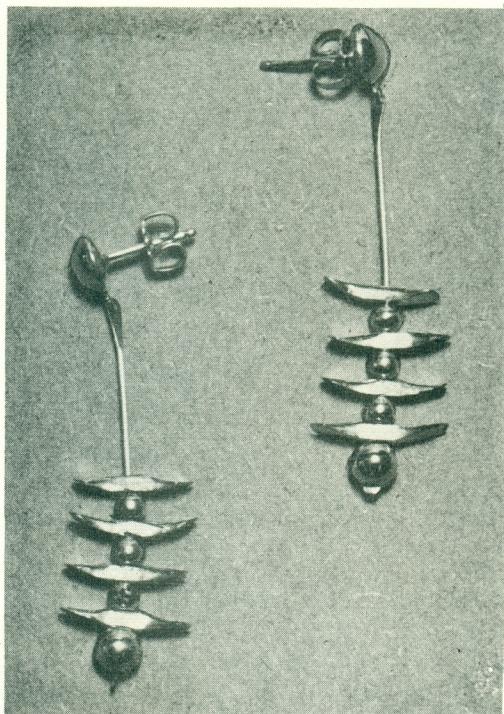
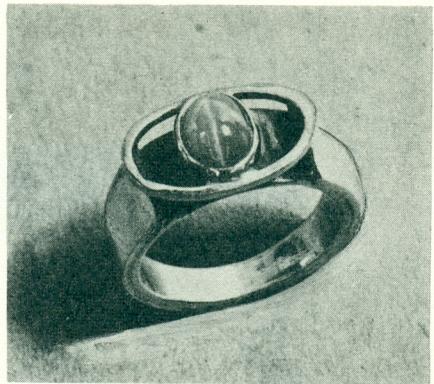
"...this my hand will rather
The multitudinous cloths
incarnadine,
Making the green one red."
(Macbeth)

REMOVED BY OWNER



SCULPTURE SHOP

"Fair' is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover in the ashen, filthy air.
(Macbeth)



Yes, I Have

I walked into the Silver Shop for the first time, worried, wondering what I could create there. I crossed the threshold and suddenly my worry became astonishment. Where I had expected a dark, dingy cell, I found a spacious, white, kitchen-like room. This certainly was a pleasant surprise. I walked around for a minute or two, seeing campers at work happily making bracelets, necklaces, and other such projects. I walked up to a moustached man (who, I later found out, was Wayne) and inquired about starting a project. I was then told to plan out an idea. When I asked what could be done, he simply replied, "Anything." I was slightly confused at the reply and wondered what he meant. So I walked over to a CIT who gave me a more specific idea. I looked at a few books about jewelry to get an even deeper impression of what to do. When I finally decided to work on a charm for my sister, I was sure I would spend many happy hours working there. And now, about four weeks later, I can say, without any hesitation, I have.

Gregg Young

Improvisation

One morning in early August, Laurie Shapiro, Eric Poulos, Naomi Cohen, and Martin Weiss gathered in the Art Studio to interpret and express, through their respective arts, a painting of Laurie's. While others watched, Laurie danced to her own painting to which Eric blew his saxophone and Naomi and Martin wrote poetry. Some of the resulting spontaneous interplay appears below.

Cool top jig
Swinging mono
Profusion of violence and sex-
The claws of a primitive hunger,
The stand-out rubber shades of beat
Guitar-string dancers.

Violent hair forms,
Jack-assed combo of sounds,
Vibrant rhythmic clap-trap.
Nicotined mouths cough stale,
Swinging fat parts gnaw with
Simpering self-pity.

Look out, young girl!
Your cool cheap tricks are fake-
here are other people creating.
Your carcass will be left
A matted torso of hair,
A souped-up soul gone stale.

Martin Weiss

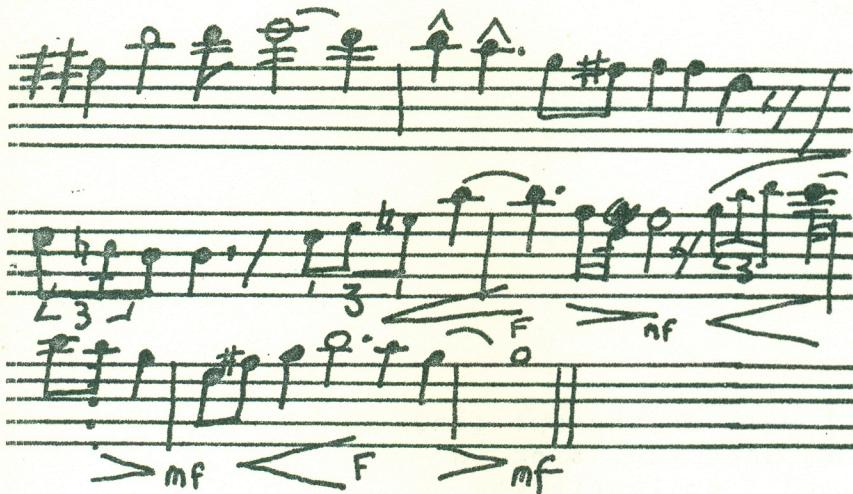


PAINTING BY LAURIE SHAPIRO

A good-bye for an ever moment to be clutched in the rain falling outside as I sit and watch memories being bathed in the cool summer waters. It is hot and I close in on the mind that has tried so hard to reach and yet just couldn't turn away. Half wishing for something gone somewhere on a day hardly known--wishing to be able to be a part of the sadness finally coming out all over--

caged in four walls outside
the rain, unreachable memories
of unsalvaged times.

Naomi Cohen



by Raphael Bloomgarden

Left, Right

Left, right, left, right
I march on to battle
Left, right, left, right
I move over the countryside
Left, right, left, right

I see only a few feet ahead
Or a few feet behind
The rest blends into the scenery
Left, right, left, right

I fight many battles
I march alone
Others don't keep the pace
Left, right, left, right

I'm always marching
left, right, left, right
I march my life away
day, night, day, night

I walk on the wet sand
My bare feet sink in
And I am imprinted,
Remembered.
The wave comes in
With a dry roar--it breaks--
The foam
The power
I am swept away!

I tramp through the woods
And kick leaves.
I disrupt nature,
Make my mark.
The wind comes in
With its sweeping fury,
I am blown back,
Forgotten.

Kaleidoscope

I shut one eye and look into a world of laughter and gaiety. Bright, symmetrical yellows and reds delight the eye with dancing patterns around a central core. Then blues and greens take over, driving away happiness with a solemnity that deepens steadily. The movement stops for a moment, then begins again to flow, pieces of glass falling into place while others wander off to begin their own new patterns. For a while I watch one wandering piece of the picture. I watch it wander without purpose, then with definite conviction. I see it hide and then come to prominence.

Now I shut both eyes and again I look into a world of laughter and gaiety. Bright yellow and red party dresses delight the eye with dancing patterns. Suddenly somber blues and greens replace the dancers. An underwater quiet is viewed and remains to be reviewed. Then the water again begins to flow and it forms a film over new patterns of color. A man materializes from the frantic swirl of recognizable objects. He walks down a Main Street to his office, sits down, and begins to work. He fades to a second man walking alone by the seashore and watching the tide. An entire new Main Street seems to form about him. One by one my mind focuses upon all the inhabitants of this new Main Street. Each is a different person with a separate life. Yet each fits into a grand pattern just as my pieces of glass.

I fall asleep. I see a world where I control much of what I see. I see a world where ideas, myriad and varied, pass before my eyes. This world I interpret, dreaming, to be a kaleidoscope world. But is it? Could it not also be the world of writing?

Alan Cohen

The Lark

Have you seen the sound of the lark
In the trees?
Have you smelt its fragrance?
Do you know a lark from books or life,
A conglomeration of fact or fancy -
Where has the lark gone,
Where has it flown,
Where does it go at night?
The big oak and bark
Takes the lark and binds it,
Winds the lark in its mouth,
Picks its bones and kills a million,
Oh, when will the games stop?
Find the lark, the real thing,
Search your head for a lark in a dream,
The one in nature will not come.
And when the dream lark has come,
Cut yourself off from the rest of the world
So as not to get hurt and dream on.

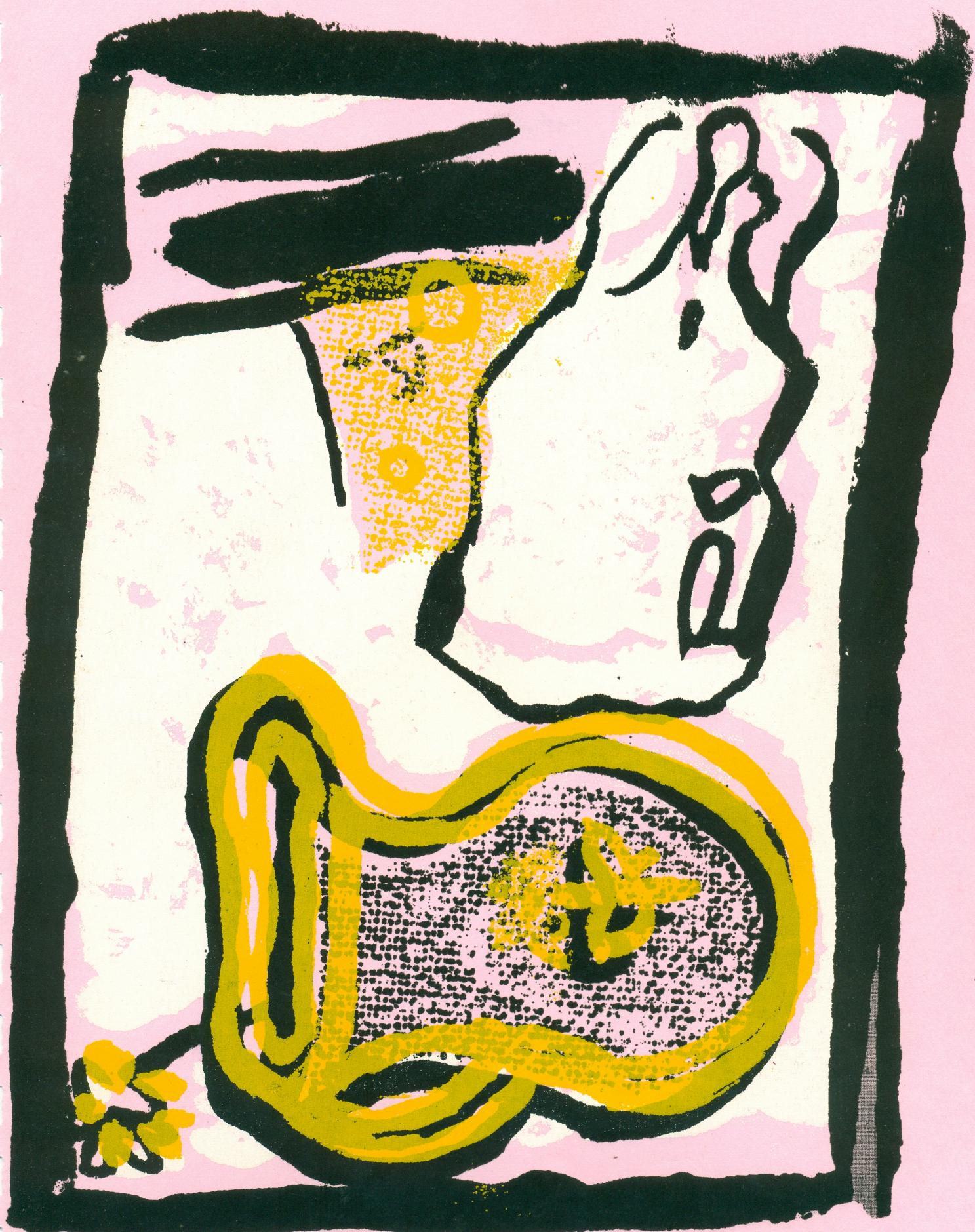
Martin Weiss

lilac lillies in a pond
of crystals
floating on a cloud
of fluff
and softness
smothered by
tenderness
touched by
sadness
moved by
wind
entwined in
love
and...

Amy Handler

and she opened her eyes
and her tear pierced the earth
and a flower grew
a faded pink
a sad, sad flower

Amy Handler



Portrait of the Tennis Counselor as a Young Actor

What camp personality once co-starred with Clay Cole in a summer-stock production of "Flower Drum Song" for which his parents had to pay the theater \$35 a week? The answer is Bob Vogel-- actor, musician, sociologist, and tennis counselor at Buck's Rock. He himself often wonders why he is a tennis counselor, since he is far from a great athlete. "I once placed last in a cross-country meet involving 25 schools and 250 boys."

How Bob did become a tennis counselor at this camp is an interesting tale. Ernst had come up to lecture a camping and recreation class at Rhode Island University where Bob was teaching sociology. The physical education instructor, a good friend of Bob's, talked with Ernst and was given the job of tennis counselor at Buck's Rock. But difficulties arose and the instructor had to teach summer school. Since Bob's office was in the physical education building, he heard about this, and, the same day the gym instructor sent a letter stating he could not come, Bob, being an excellent tennis player, sent one stating he could -- and he did. He has enjoyed this summer immensely and says, "It is here at Buck's Rock that I have met some unusual people and at the same time played a part in winning the first sports trophy of my life."

Bob's activities in previous summers have been odd and varied. When he was about 14 years old, he began peddling an insect repellent invented by a neighbor, called "Croak-em." He was a door-to-door salesman the summer after, too, but at the age of 16, he got a job playing accordion and piano at Otto's Seaford Restaurant in Freeport, L.I. He was very successful, but he began to receive more tips than the waiters and they almost went on strike, so he had to leave. The

summer after that, he demonstrated Hammond organs at supermarkets. After his summer-stock performance, he sang and played piano at various joints where, he says, vagrants and migratory workers hung out. Later, he became the first guest on the game show, "Missing Links," after being denied appearance on "Who Do You Trust" because he was not "nutty enough." A week before he came to camp, he entertained the women inmates at the Clinton State Farm in New Jersey.

Bob received a Bachelor of Arts degree in sociology at St. Lawrence University and went to Massachusetts State for his Masters. For the past two years, he has taught sociology at Rhode Island and Providence Universities. This September, he had planned to begin work for his Ph.D., but Uncle Sam has called him to the service. As for his future, Bob says, "My ambition is to be a professional actor and entertainer, with the hope of giving a few tennis lessons, teaching a few sociology classes, and occasionally selling 'Croak-em' door-to-door."

Steven Jay Hoffman

I step

The grass bends

And then

It bounces back

Stands

Laughs, saying

"So you thought you were a big guy, didn't you?"

And I did, and I'm not.

Emmy Weiner

HENRY SCHNEIDERMAN

When a Leaf Falls

When a leaf falls, it falls with grace; when clouds billow, they form and master any position; when wheat fields sway back and forth with ease, their muscles are the wind.

How wonderful it would be to be able to move and seem to dance with such grace and ease, without years of training, sweat, or hard work. The difference between a leaf or wheat fields and a dancer's body is that the latter relies upon conscious effort rather than the chance happening of a rainstorm or a gust of wind.

The particular discipline of this summer has been the Graham method--contraction, release, and controlled breathing. Contracting may be defined as the motion of withdrawal or the tensing of different muscles and the release is the letting go. For example, when the trunk muscles are contracted, the shoulders come forward and the neck curves down. To discover that we can control the slightest movements of our bodies is very exciting, for control is one of the beautiful and essential elements of the dance. When a disciplined dancer leaps through the air, she can express the subtlest of emotions and ideas. She can even dance that falling leaf, the billowing clouds, or the waving fields of wheat.

Naomi Maier

Whose were these?

--A child's

One who danced
and played
But he is gone.

His games remain

popcorn
bags
and
pieces
of
string

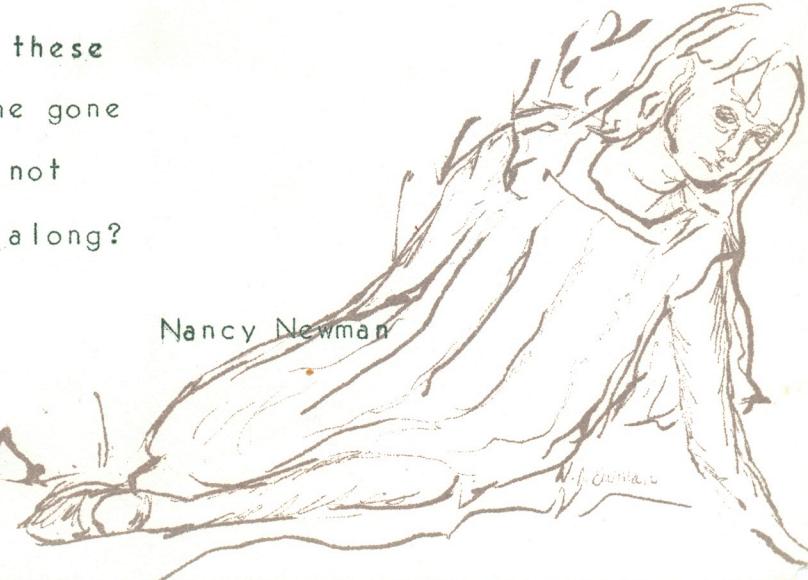
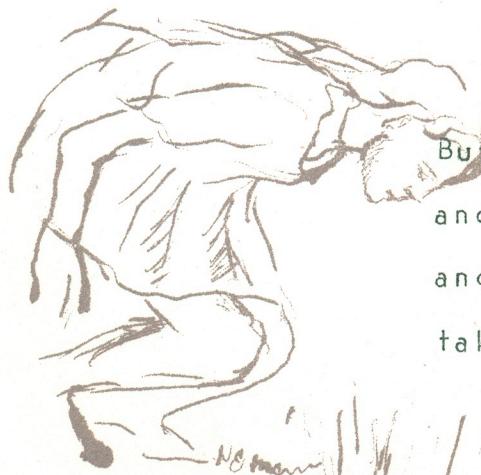
are
twisting
and
twisting
with
a

wonderful

wind

But whose were these
and where has he gone
and why did he not
take his world along?

Nancy Newman



Island Snow Song

Island Snow Song A-

Island Snow Song

Island Snow Song

Island Snow Song

I can hear the rain swallowing the roof.
Shadows created by my light terrorize the walls of buildings.
The air paralyzed by the pseudo sun in my hand (day in night)
Is striped by tormented lines of water.
I am caged inside while dead leaves dance in puddles.
Perhaps I'll leave my mother's arms And join their game.
If only I could wet my hair And run my feet in mud
With dandelion roots who, unaware, Are given to the bondage of the rain.
When I am free I shall defy the rain.
I'll strip myself And taunt the sky With my nudity.

Robin Simons

Before the Summer Ends

Alone, I sit, alone on a quiet rock, with the whispering of insects and the monotonous buzzing of a bee. Peace surrounds me. Alone, I sit, alone on a quiet rock. Suddenly, a shot! A rude interruption of my solitary existence. Another shot, and another---rifles awakening, intruding into a soundless world.

The music of the Dance Studio floats into my haven to soothe the piercing voice of the rifles. Lulled by the music, I become the passive receptor of sounds. I hear the bouncing of tennis balls against a resistant court and the whir of rackets as they whip through the air to meet a speeding ball. I hear the tap of ping-pong balls being volleyed. In the distance a dog barks and the chaotic gobbling of a turkey harmonizes. Somewhere there's an anxious guitar player plucking at the strings of a stubborn guitar.

Restless, I wander down to the stage, where I watch the crew hurriedly putting the finishing touches on the sets for the next play. I hear the angry shouts of Jo Jochnowitz as Da'ud leaves his paw prints in the wet cement. Laughing, I walk back to the porch and hear the stuttering of a nervous D.J. trying to announce a record. I am relieved as the strains of "Little Red Riding Hood" echo through the camp. Simultaneously a truck pulls up with the tennis team triumphantly yelling, "We won, we won!"

Suddenly I want to be a part of the other side of camp, the areas apart from the shops. I want to shoot those rifles, to wham tennis balls across a net, to join the stage crew, to broaden the range of my experiences before the summer ends.

Emilie Glicksman

Oh God,
i hear a little cricket
under a rotting branch
upon a hill
screaming out
heart-hungry cries,
begging to be noticed.

the crows and sparrows
never bother to listen
they are so occupied
with their own calls
and cleaning their feathers,
the chipmunks
would be willing to listen,
yet cannot
while they frolic
and tease one another,
And happily blurt out
giggly calls which
drown out the crickets!
whimpers
which suddenly stop
as if it suddenly died!

Carol Brodin



Marjorie Levinson

The Baraniks

Rudolf and May Stevens Baranik are two people deeply interested in their art and in the problems of the world. They devote much of their time to civil rights and peace movements. May has done a series of paintings entitled, "Freedom Riders," which were exhibited in New York galleries and later acquired by several museums. In conjunction with four-hundred other artists, Rudolf and May each painted panels for the Peace Tower which stood in downtown Los Angeles. Both Rudolf and May are active in the Artists' Protest Committee, which works for peace in Vietnam. Along with six-hundred other artists and writers, they signed a statement entitled, "End Your Silence," which calls upon Americans to speak out against the war in Vietnam.

Rudolf says, "An artist is a human being interested in peace. Artists have always had a vital concern with peace. War and militarism have, since the beginning of civilization, spelled the death of free artistic expression." Clearly, the Baraniks do not go along with those artists who believe that social problems should be left to the politicians.

Rudolf says of the current art scene that, "It is art, art characterized by searching--not finding--but promising." May calls op and pop art, "Fun and games, very lively and cheerful, but not serious. They do not approach the grandeur that art can have."

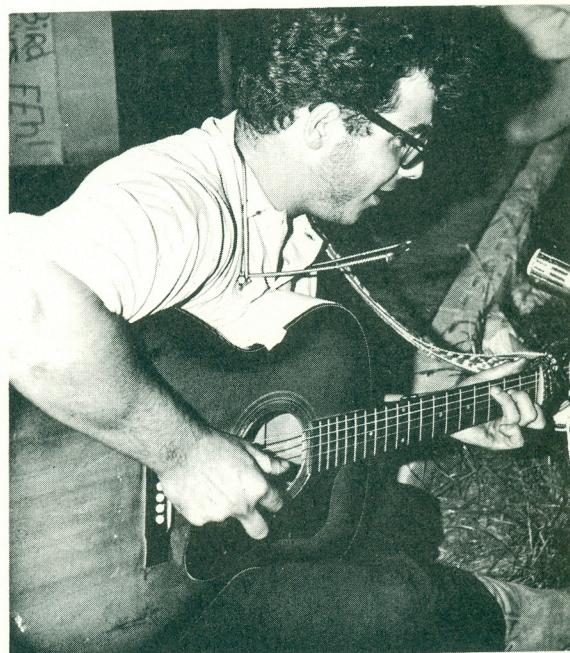
Rudolf characterizes his own work as abstract expressionism. He says that his paintings express moods and usually are not real images. May, however, thinks that her paintings are more representational. Rudolf feels that the artists who have influenced him and his work the most are Ryder, Munch, and Rothko; May believes her work has been influenced by Picasso and De Kooning.

Concerning the work done here in camp, the Baraniks are

most impressed by the enthusiasm of the people who have come to paint in their shop. They found, upon coming to Buck's Rock, that the level of art work was unexpectedly high. Rudolf says, "Many of the campers seem to have great familiarity with the current styles of painting and sculpture, including the latest among art styles prevalent in the New York galleries. This became apparent during the Modern Art Lectures that were given during the summer. Questions and comments were often as knowledgeable as those at the Museum of Modern Art Lectures."

Ed Yelin

It "Happened" One Night



Mono

barefoot on a rock somewhere: the mist rises
and earth breathes a sighing song
endless pinkish fingers float to the finish of day
and clouded night hovers over
whispering all else away.

i love to walk the silent pathways of the evening sky
chanting a forever lullaby of timeless days -
far below, beings of cool earth chirp not so
infallible life
to the immortals.

Naomi Cohen

A Poem in Black and White

I sat on a stool sitting and thinking and dying there
lying there and dead

And the west wall looked at my make

(wake up
but response, nothing)

take off your
Dense layers said the east wall

and the innocent stool sat listening

The wall said North and the north wall said

Those layers are too dense and the time is too far
from beginning to the end that there is no awareness
or recognition of each other

and the south wall looked at my make up

Aralee Hambro

25 Beautiful Girls and Me

or Beauty and the Klutz
and how I had
to learn dancing

One day, as I was walking down the main campus, the irresistible urge to be adventurous came over me. I looked around and the only thing I saw was the Dance Studio. Dancing...Are you crazy? I can run a good defense on a football team and climb a fantastically high tree, but dancing? Oh well, there wasn't really all that much to lose. So, I made my way to the Dance Studio, very nonchalantly, of course. Then, when I was within ten feet, I ran as fast as I could and slipped inside unseen.

My first reaction was one of awe. Here were twenty-five beautiful bodies clad in black, all exhibiting their natural gracefulness. My spell was broken as Muriel pleasantly said, "Come in, Bob." She was so sincere, but I could see how surprised she was to see this big lump walk in the door. I meekly replied, "Are you sure it's all right?" She said, "Sure," and I reluctantly strode in, deliberately oblivious to the stares of all the girls. Then my first taste of modern dancing began. I took my place in the corner and started to do the warm-up exercises with all the girls. Brother, I never realized how unco-ordinated and ridiculously clumsy I could be! By the second or third exercise I was sweating like a dog and feeling all the more foolish.

However, I had no idea of what there was in store for me. When all the exercises were finished, the real dancing began. Everyone in the class lined up in one corner of the studio. Muriel demonstrated the proper step and we had to follow—one at a time! I couldn't have been more conspicuous. Here I was, one boy among twenty-five girls, the only one without black tights and the only klutz among them. The whole class smiled very sympathetically at me which really did not relieve me in the least. Well, at long last the nightmarish class was over, and I left the beloved Dance Studio a new man.

Robert Gidding



Jarie Bassuk

Beebop

Oops!
(Holleryellscream)-
And, when the china is squeaky clean,
The dishwasher stops.
I have I have I want a five-and-dime,
But if-the mockingbird can't I want a glass of wine
But
Then
Again
The birdies start to play
And I fall
Too small
Down the road away
With with
A tin bandana
And a glass of wine
Though I want some fun
A honey bun
The dancer goes
Chop-chop
A honey-mop of wicked witch
Looking for boys
And I fall
Too small
Whoopandahollerholleryellscream
Whoopandahollerholleryellscream
Ohhh!

Martin Weiss

Weary, Relieved, but Happy

The yearbook is out. It is the end of a long story. The recipients of the yearbook take it and discuss the stories and articles in it. Somewhere a camper is complaining about an illegible page. We wonder: does he realize what went into the production of this mammoth publication?

The story starts one day in late July. On the porch is a sign. It pleads for writers and production workers. "Already?" ask some observers. But people begin to sign their names. Later on, when the names are counted, we find that nearly one-hundred have signed for each department, although everyone knows that half of these names are just hollow promises.

The great yearbook meeting takes place. If we want to exaggerate, we can say that thirty-five people showed up. The next day the editors of the specific departments are picked. Soon we regain our confidence in Buck's Rockers. The articles and creative writing begin to pour in. Lou Simon and the members of his staff look over the submitted pieces. They decide that some would be valuable in the yearbook, meet with the author, work on the piece, and finally give it their seal of approval. Lou and Fred are justified in being fussy, and the material in the yearbook is usually of high quality.

The Gestefax machine never knows a moment's peace--and never will--until the yearbook is collated. The Gestefax isn't the only hard worker in the shop. The production staff often stays in the shop from the morning work gong until the go-to-sleep gong. The stacks of paper go down and so does the supply of ink. At the same time piles of wrapped packages line the shelves and threaten to choke us out of the shop.

Our workers have no need to prove how indispensable they are. Even though we value quality above quantity (except when quantity is absolutely necessary), we find that once in a while a page that is not up to our high standards escapes the confines of the scrap pile.

After much work the great day finally arrives and the yearbook is collated. Then the great night arrives and we all go to sleep--weary, relieved, but happy.

Paula Jacobson

Martin Weiss



UPSET

cuts of scissor

on my mind and now it's like a hidden pedestal and
send a stinging pain to my center.

Naomi Cohen

my mother the daffodil

bore me into sunlight
gave me no voice to tempest
or color to ensnare
but a body with which to move with the wind

It Didn't Lose Its Cool

THUR

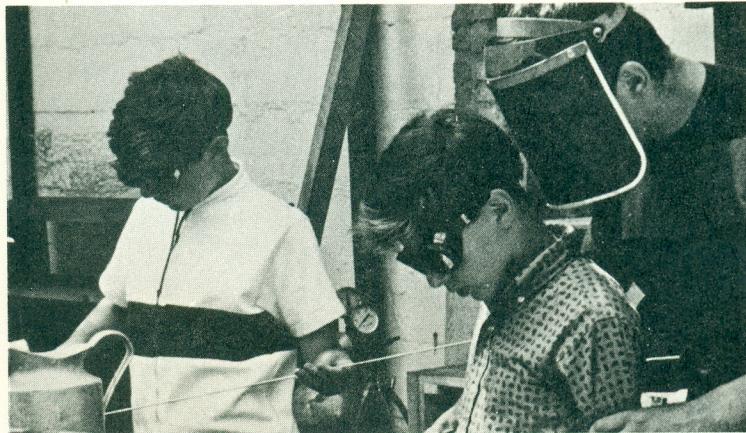
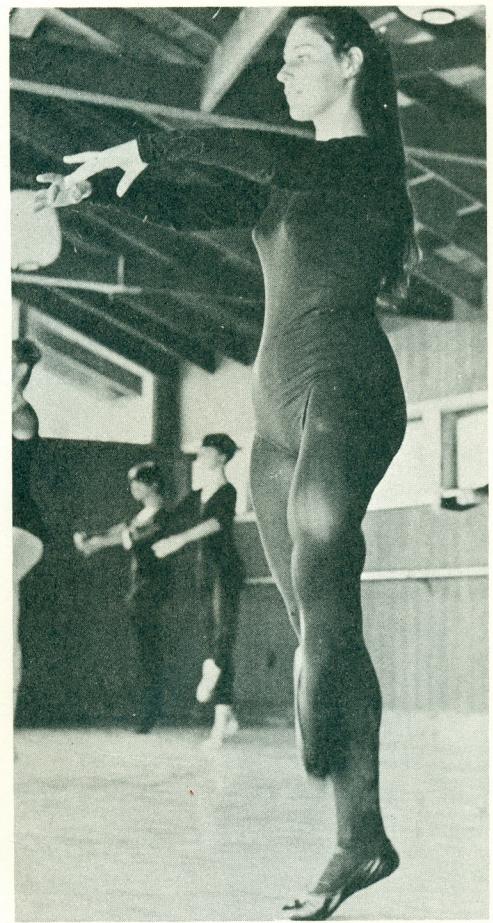
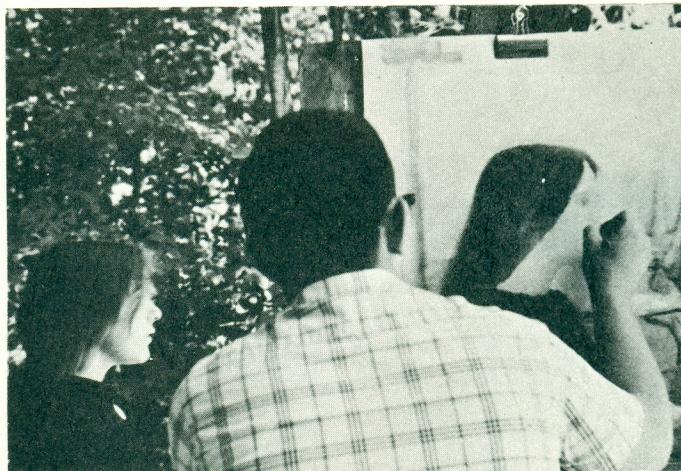
Our parched mouths were sealed from lack of moisture. Our lips were cracked. Our vocal cords were so dry that only a whisper came out. We lay sprawled on the ground and listened to the words of our leader. As he uttered the word "water" a hoarse cry rose up among us. Cheery thoughts raced through our minds. No longer would we have to trudge over rugged terrain, traverse fissures, climb jagged rocks, stumble over roots to get some of the life-giving liquid. The CIT's would get their very own water cooler. And, unfortunately, as the CIT's later learned, they would lay the pipe for their very own water cooler. Yet we were undaunted.

We were undaunted when we found that we would have to dig a long ditch. And so we began. It was a beautiful sight as we all united in true brotherhood, forgetting shop feuds and personal animosities--working together, sweating together, swearing together. And still we were undaunted. We became a closely-knit group. When one person stopped work, we all stopped work. When Al Cohen ran from the beehive he had just uncovered, we all ran. No longer were we undaunted. This "daunted" us.

And so we finished. Days went by, but no water cooler. Then a thin trickle began to come out of the pipe. More days of waiting and the water cooler made its appearance. We walked by and marveled at its sleek lines, its shiny chrome, and the fact that no water came out. One day we found that the connections were made. We gathered round the cooler, congratulated ourselves on the great job we had done, and thanked the occupants of the aluminum house for allowing Hack to put another hole in it for the electric cable.

The moment had finally come. A thirsty soul approached the cooler and turned it on--silence. He stared at the lever between his fingers--more silence. He stared harder--the cooler gurgled. He kicked its base--it rumbled. He peered into the opening to find out what the matter was. After all these arid days, after all those shovelfuls of dirt, after all those bees in the beehive, the cooler was finally ready to function. And how did it launch its career? It spat in the eye of the first CIT who used it!

Ben Cohen





one man alone next
to a giant redwood how
tiny he must feel

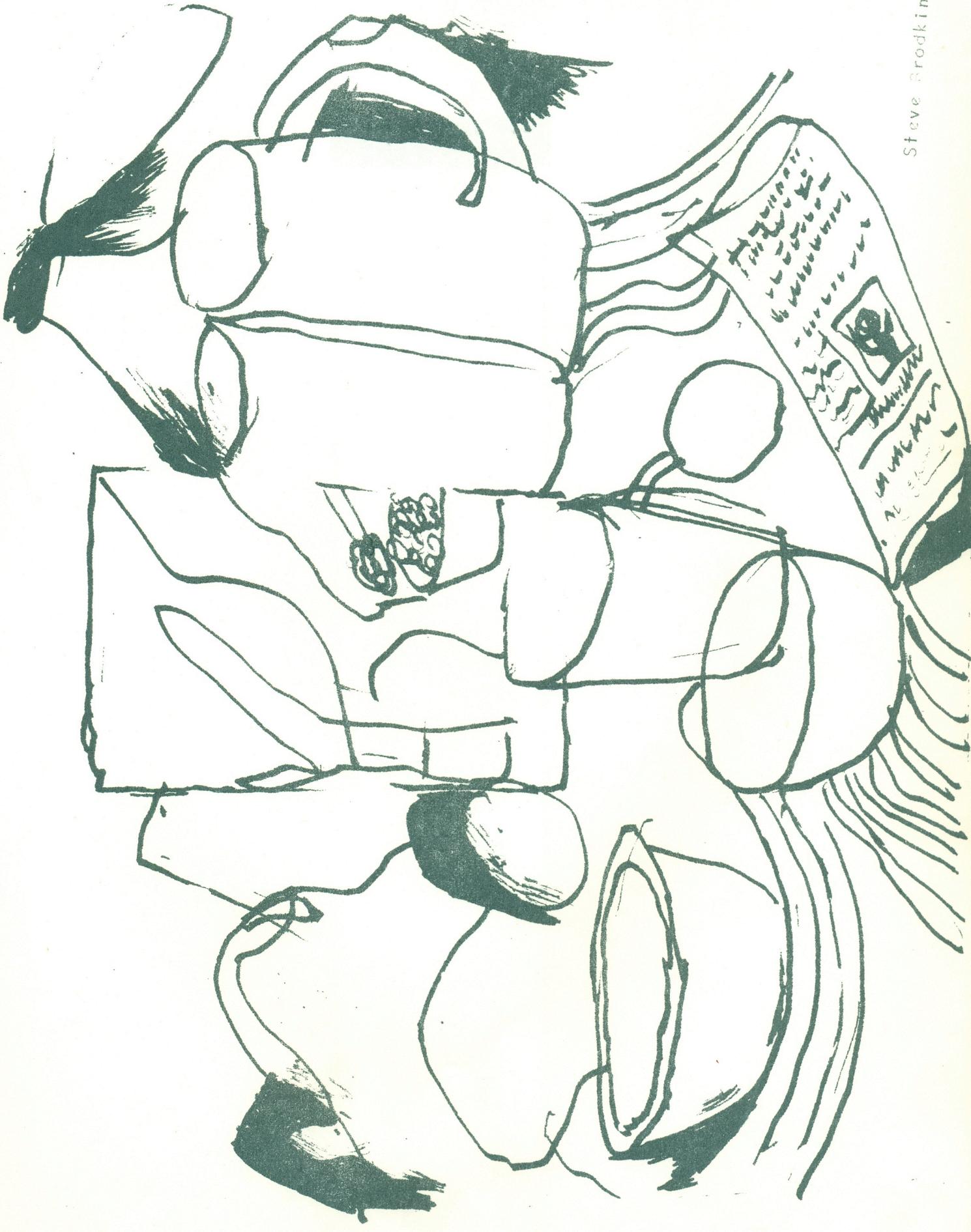
The Problem of Group Emphasis

If someone asked a patriot who he was, he would probably reply that he was an American. A religious man, upon being asked the same question, would probably say, "I am a servant of God." This over-emphasis on the state of things in relation to the group instead of to the individual constitutes one of the major faults of our society. It has led many an otherwise creative person to say to himself, "But what can I as an individual do?" The problem of group emphasis is especially prevalent in the middle-class teenager's world. One must work and think as a member of a school class, a clique of friends, and the middle-class society he lives in. This is not merely a matter of conformism, but a deeper problem that cannot be solved by wearing bell-bottoms.

Almost the only place where the relationships are on an individual level is the home. However, ironically enough, even this institution of personal relationships is falling short of its possible mark. There are two main reasons for this, the first being the all-over deterioration of family life in general. The other is more serious, and has to do with parent-teen relations. Often, when a parent talks with his adolescent child, especially when he reprimands him, he does not discuss things with the child as an individual, but merely as a son and an adolescent. He is the parent; therefore, he is the superior. He has done much for the child, so the child should do much for him in return. Meaningless phrases such as "respect for your elders" and "responsibility" are frequently used, creating not a personal, but a cold and impersonal atmosphere. In such an atmosphere, it is close to impossible for family relationships to help foster individualism.

We who participate in an experience such as Buck's Rock are very fortunate, for the situation found here is rarely found anywhere else in the modern teenage world:

a situation that provides for freedom of the individual. Here at Buck's Rock, we are not told every day that we are the campers and that the adults around us are the counselors, nor is it pounded into our heads that group cooperation is necessary. However, because we realize that we all are individuals, we respect everyone as an individual, and voluntary cooperation ensues. We are on our own to succeed or fail as our effort dictates, and there is no time to ask, "But what can I as an individual do?"



Steve Brodkin

Concert on the Green

The trucks bumped along Buck's Rock Road and jostled the members of the chorus, orchestra, madrigal, and chamber music groups. It was Saturday, July 30, and we were on our way to give a concert in New Milford. As we drove up to the Green where we were to perform, we heard the joyous cries of the local children, "Buck Rock go home!" Undaunted, we dismounted the trucks and began to mill around, keeping within the sound of Sid's voice. A square dance was going on nearby and many of us wandered over to watch. Betty and Harold Ewen, caught up in the feverish pitch of the excited dancing, joined in, much to the delight of all Buck's Rockers present.

Soon we were called together and seated facing the crowd gathering in front of the gazebo. Sid made a short speech thanking the New Milfordites for inviting us and thanking also some greater spirit for preventing the predicted rain. Then we began. The orchestra, its oboe section sadly diminished to one because of Lisa Mann's illness, sailed bravely through two pieces. Being seated in the middle of the orchestra, I could not hear how we sounded, but I saw and was bothered when five or six people left after ten minutes. On the whole, the audience gave us a fair ovation. Chairs and stands were quickly removed. A flood of people swept by me and without warning I found myself after our performance standing at the end of the soprano section of the madrigal group. Jonathan Goodman raised his hands. "Good Lord," I thought, and rushed away clutching my flute in my hands. Of the rest of the concert I heard very little because, after all, New Milford was an exciting place and I had to take in as much as I could. Every now and then I could make out snatches of voices, instruments, and applause.

At last I heard the final strains of a Gilbert and Sullivan piece that the chorus was singing and I began to search frantically for my misplaced flute. The orchestra was assembling. Scores of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" were taken out. Where was my flute? I discovered it at last and ran to my designated place in the orchestra. "With spirit now," Sid whispered. Susan Evans' last rat-a-tat-tat faded. After the applause we packed up our instruments and boarded the trucks for the trip back to camp.

Ellen David

The Euphemism

People stand in tableau
all disorganized scattered
and facing each other way certain
of themselves but not each other

noticing their difference
hating their difference

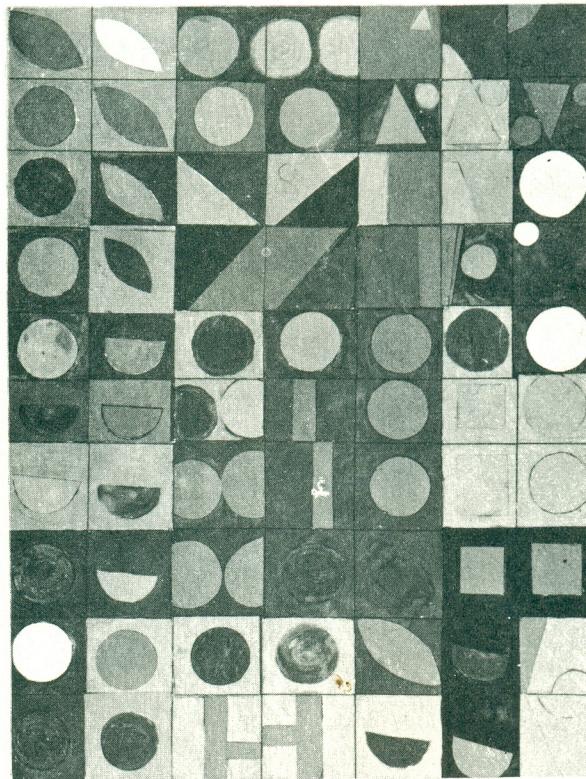
and gradually the damp
smell of storm comes
huddling them together safe
in shapeless forms.

Clouds come small battles
intense and circular the violent motion
of the hurricane.

I stand watching on my island
enclosed in the storm
in the center of the storm
looking around me
And my palm tree
 my calm tree
not touching bottom
or end like others.

Alone silent nothing and meaningless
We are the Eye of the Hurricane.

Aralee Hambrø



Alone am I.

Alone in a world of haters.

Each all locked up

turned in

admiring self.

I want to be tolerant

understanding

loving.

I can't. Resentment swells within me.

complacency

corruption

connections.

"You'll learn," they say. "Such is life."

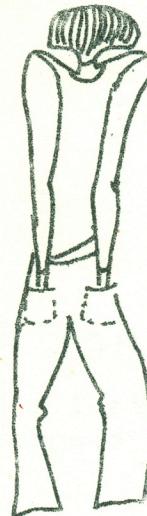
"Grow up."

"Accept it."

But, no. I can't... I guess I'll always be a

child.

Harvey Oxenhorn



'And FOR thy spore ?'

Softball

"Cry 'Courage' To the field!"
(Henry IV, Part I)



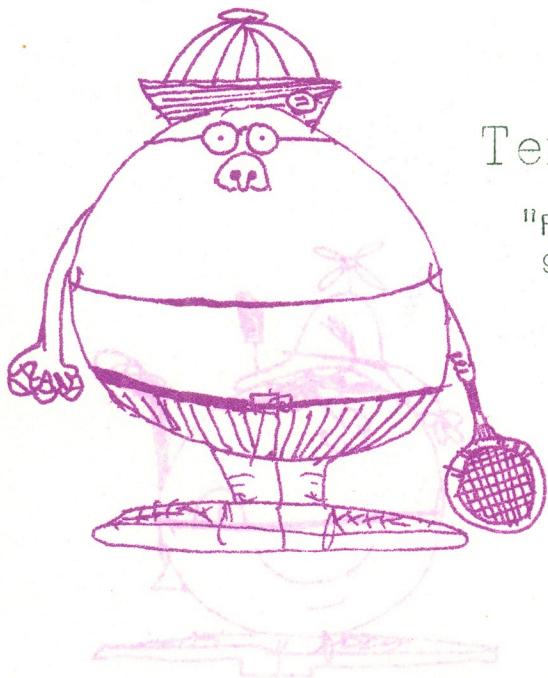
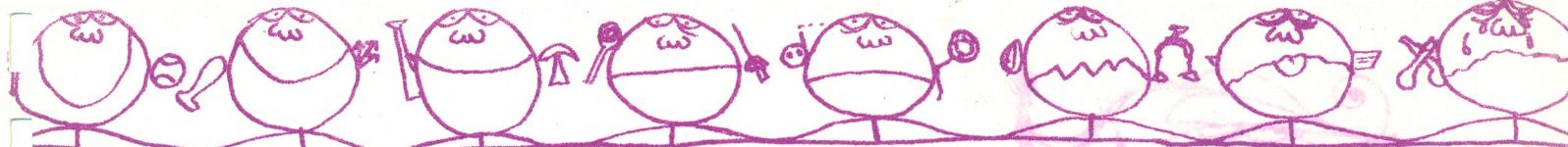
Waterfront

"Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea."
(Tempest)



Horseback Riding

"A horse! a horse!
My kingdom for a horse!"



Tennis

"For when lenity and cruelty play, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner."
(Henry V)



Fencing

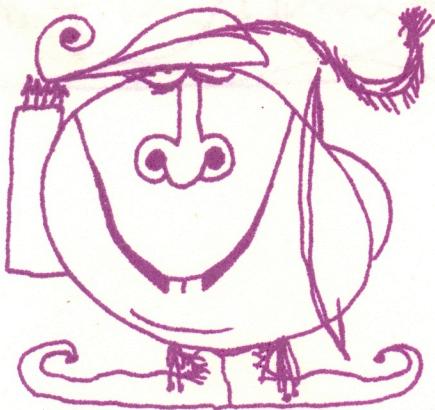
"A hit, a very palpable hit."
(Henry V)



Pioneering

"Oh brave new world."
(Tempest)

Illustrations by Alex Scein

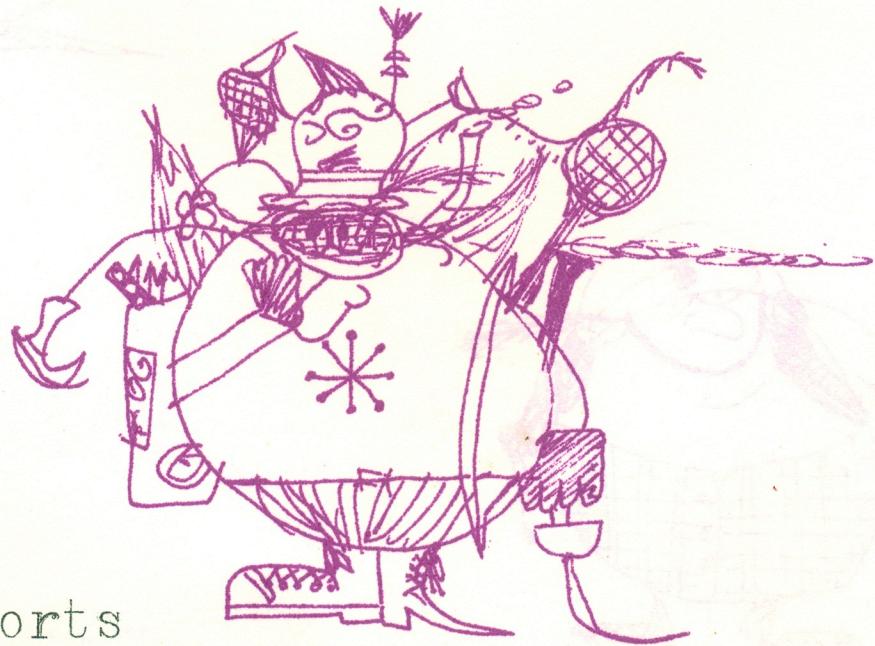


Archery

"...the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."
(Hamlet)

Riflery

"...the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing
them is just."
(Henry IV, Part I)



General Sports

"Readiness is all." (Hamlet)

Far from the madding crowd,
The Ookabolaconga sweatshirt
Eats moles as the dewed evening descends.
Now, with painted Sahara cleanliness,
The drops of lewd melodies squiggle.
With unending harmony, I take pen in hand
And incinerate them.

Drabbled with Sunday,
The rusted inspector-general comes marching up the Rhine.
He marches with a pistol in his hand
To woo the Countess Ophelia, his youthful bride.
Obviously, the question was who would marry who.
She would let him decide.

Sweetrabbled as the hand that guided him,
The duggy mugwump Hodges pleaded with his sister to liberate him.
He turned in his midnight satchel and said,
"Good sweetness, the master's out."
Then drank and succumbed.

Mommy mealy Ophelia
Stepped on her master's buttonholes and yelled,
"Behave!"
The holed inspector hiccuped.
"Be quiet yourself."
Now the morn descended on wings of straw.

Watch bridges and troll midgets.
Eat dumplings and drawl for beans.
Read papers on Sunday, linen Monday.
Discharge your doings on Sunday eve.

Shvester Reichswehr got the gout,
When the roll called she was not at home,
Gone to the place where the whites stick around
Gone home. Diggy dog
Barked ruff as master Johnny jugged a tortoise
Dying in captivity.
"Boot your doldrums muggy elsewhere,"
With a kick in the rear.

Now the paunched inspector
Lay sublime on his deathbed
Nibbling carrots crying
"Mom, forget the apples."
Ophelia kicked a branch
Scrunched a leg of venison in her teeth,
"My God, he is dead."
Johnny joined a funny army,
Jiggled a casket and cussed—
Sally shvester mussed a crowd of herring
And broke her eardrums.

Funny, the crying inside.
Funny, the impassivity outside.

It has to be accepted, I guess

I hear
a tiny bird
let out its cry of anguish,
of knowing
that it's an orphan,
for its mother was
caught and tangled
roughly
in a barbed wire
which was put up
by the farmer
to keep out trespassers.

While I was riding in the bus
A wasp
buzzed in bewilderment
angrily, wildly
near a closed window,
not knowing how it got in
and how it was
to get out.

An eager, lively
puppy with
those huge, soulful eyes
saw the crow upon the grassy hill
and wanted to
chase it into the
fields of poppies
but a leash, man-made
and man-held
limited his freedom.

A drowsy horse,
tired from
pulling a milk wagon,
standing in front
of a wood factory
while tied up
is suddenly terrified and bewildered
by the scraping,
roaring sounds
of the cranking, chunking
churning metal wheels
of the dusty machines
and of the harsh
screech of splintering wood.

Carol Brodkin

Hiroshima Day

I have been told that I'm too young to understand the world's problems, and this I have to disagree with. I have been told that I'm too young to protest, and this I cannot believe.

There were many people who disagreed with the Buck's Rock protest on Hiroshima Day. They said that it would prove nothing or that it would influence no one, since nearly everybody in camp agreed with us in principle. And yet, I maintained throughout the planning stages of the protest that, first of all, there were people in camp whom we could reach with a tasteful protest and, secondly, that a protest should be primarily concerned with demonstrating to others the things we sincerely believe in.

Our protest was held on August 6, in conjunction with the twenty-first anniversary of the United States' atomic bombing of Hiroshima. On this anniversary we also mourned the current death and destruction in Vietnam.

Our protest was not a march or a chanting session. It was poetry instead of shouting. It was the quiet flowing beauty of the oak tree. It was the power of image and rhythm condemning war, cherishing peace, inspiring the mind. It was a feeling and a mood that made our protest.

Ed Yelin

Picasso

I was going to write you a poem

calling you a heel

cold, mathematical

for dehumanizing the figure

for not being excited that the arm

is where it is because of the breath

for wanting contrasts more than life

more than life

But then I thought again

of Guernica all the love everybody says there

your initial horror over killing all

but your need to express it

And then I thought again

of Guernica all the accusations of guilt

of the forms all working

for chaos but not human forms

but not human forms

any more

And I saw your conflict

how you love to play games

fascinated by using people

as pegs into holes

but also caring deeply for people

and struggling

as you try to satisfy

Eros and Thanatos

Emmy Weiner



Sociology Seminar

In two evenings at the Sociology Seminar, the murder of Michael Farmer, the composition of gangs, the effect of the ghetto on gangs, individual responsibility, and other related topics were discussed. A taped study of the Egyptian Kings and Dragons Gang was played and discussed.

We live in an alienating, oppressive, neurotic society. In different social classes the illnesses of society are manifested in different forms. Gangs are only one manifestation of a general condition which Freud called "social neurosis." The main question that arose during the seminar was, "What part does society play in the forming of gangs and to what extent does one stop blaming society and start blaming the individual?" Mike Goldfarb and Ernst both minimized the idea that gangs are a reaction to society, saying that although a person lives in a ghetto and/or a slum he must be responsible for his actions in a gang and a killing. They both attempted to discount, in this case, social responsibility. But obviously the personality of the individual is the result, for the most part, of the environment in which he lives. No one can seriously blame an individual for anti-social behavior without considering the contribution of environment. Although expedient, it is amoral for a society to blame and punish an individual who rebels against the corrupt, immoral, neurotic, unequal, and suppressive nature that has created his illness. We cannot expect responsible individuals in an irresponsible society. Those who defend this society only exhibit their own particular illness. No one is good who passively allows the conditions for bad to exist.

In the Sociology Seminar, rehabilitation, retraining, and assigning more social workers were considered. If the society has produced gangs, how can the changing of one individual affect the millions who live under conditions similar to those that have produced the anti-social

nature of this particular individual? A punitive system is an expedient means of avoiding a larger social revolution. Instead of dealing with results we should eliminate the causes of anti-social behavior. If there must be some anti-social behavior in any society we are capable of making, let it not be of economic, political, racial, or educational causation.

When the seminar ended, Bob Vogel said that he hoped that the campers would continue to discuss what had been talked about. While it may be important for us to discuss gangs, let us hope that we will not only discuss, but take action to eliminate the causes of gangs and other social ills.

Eric Poulos

the world is full of roses
and friendly bumble bees
with bright yellow coats
divided by black velvet lines
which shine in the dark
and smile in the light
and he always has something nice
in his very buzzy way
and one day
(please keep this confidential
we spoke and he is really wonderful
and as i sang him a song
he harmonized it with the most
i have ever heard.

from the bird

by renna kaplan

and he always has something nice to say

in his very buzzy way

and one day

(please keep this confidential)

we spoke and he is really wonderful

and as i sang him a song

he harmonized it with the most exquisite buzz

i have ever heard.

Drowning.

Rolling one and one and one

In queasy sea-ride

Over swells of stomach-lining.

Exhaustion

Wings burning ultra-violet.

by Laurie Horn

Unconscious black:

Blurring vision into spheres of rolling light-

Flies and T-

Chance partners in life's circle dance:

I smile and follow lead

Until I lift and waltz with a new mate--

Dreamy-faced sleep.

A Letter to Indira Gandhi

This letter was born in chaos. The seed of the idea was fertilized when, having arrived in Bunk #5 in the back of the Social Hall, we found Mr. Jochnowitz savagely beating helpless camper Gordon. He was threatening to make a round "monk-like" bald spot on the top of his head, thus immortalizing his own already infamous hair style.

All those who have worked with Jo know that he plans to carry the "white man's burden" to India this fall. But indeed, whose burden will it really be? Therefore, fully aware that India has enough troubles already, our integrity forces us to send this open admonition to Mrs. Gandhi, in the hope that she will not make the same mistake as we have:

Dear Mrs. Gandhi,

Prepare your countrymen to beat their plowshares into swords! Untouchables and Brahmins alike must stand as one to meet the common foe! Prepare to discard your present woes as secondary, for the primary evil rampages from across the sea.

You see, in a place called Buck's Rock, hidden deep in the plains of Connecticut, a man called Jo Jochnowitz, disguised under the mask of an aesthete, imposes his cunning, and oftentimes completely insane schemes on the innocent inhabitants cowering beneath him.

Though our minute stronghold has held under his ferocity, we seriously doubt if your uninformed populace could do the same.

To prepare you for the worst, we shall give you examples of his most recent actions:

(1) To execute one of his wild construction projects, he was frequently seen careening through the camp in a mad frenzy, pausing only to carry

off the dregs of mankind who were in his way and he then enslaved his victims and forced them to dig the ditches of his massive amphitheatre. Rumor has it that his plans for the structure later included the slaughter of the entire population of New Milford by the very same shovels and hoes his chain gang had used to build the project.

(2) As campers Gilford and Spain will attest, his use of the ultimate weapon, red paint, is most certainly a formidable one.

(3) No doubt, at this moment, he is sitting on a tower, gleefully overlooking his latest colossus—a huge and awesome sculpture that will horrify even the most esoteric of the camp.

It is with sincere hope that we write this letter. We pray that you may learn by it, Arm yourselves now before it is too late.

"Ignorance causes the ruin of the world..."
—Siddharta Gautama (the blessed Buddha), 437 B.C.

Your humble servants,

Josh Stein and Todd Milton



i
heard a few
children at
play they weren't
playing
house
or
dolls or any
of that crap
they were playing
WorldWar3
and it sounded like
they were enjoying
themselves
but then their parents
came outside
and told them
that they had
to go to their
banthebomb
meeting
and then
the johnbirchsociey
meeting
and that the children
would have to go
inside to play
and as they did go
inside
the house
i heard the parents
turning on the ignition

i
heard
a big
exPLOSION
and then
i heard nothing
except
memories
of children
playing...

dick ehrlich

Let's Just Be Friends

It is early on a pleasant Monday afternoon. Dr. Bulova and I face each other across a small table in the corner of the new Weaving Studio. He has a far-away look in his eye although he sits here calmly, smiling, waiting. I feel an odd sensation of removal from camp and I am extremely self-conscious as I begin. First I fiddle with the buttons of the tape recorder. Then I clear my throat and venture forth.

First I asked Dr. Bulova whether he thinks it is possible for teen-agers, campers at Buck's Rock, to have mature and meaningful friendships which include sex.

Dr. Bulova began his answer by saying that it depends on what you consider a "meaningful relationship" to be. He also seemed to feel that it is, perhaps, easier to have this type of relationship without sex, since, especially in an adolescent who is not completely mature, "making out" could, in fact, override and obscure other bases of this friendship.

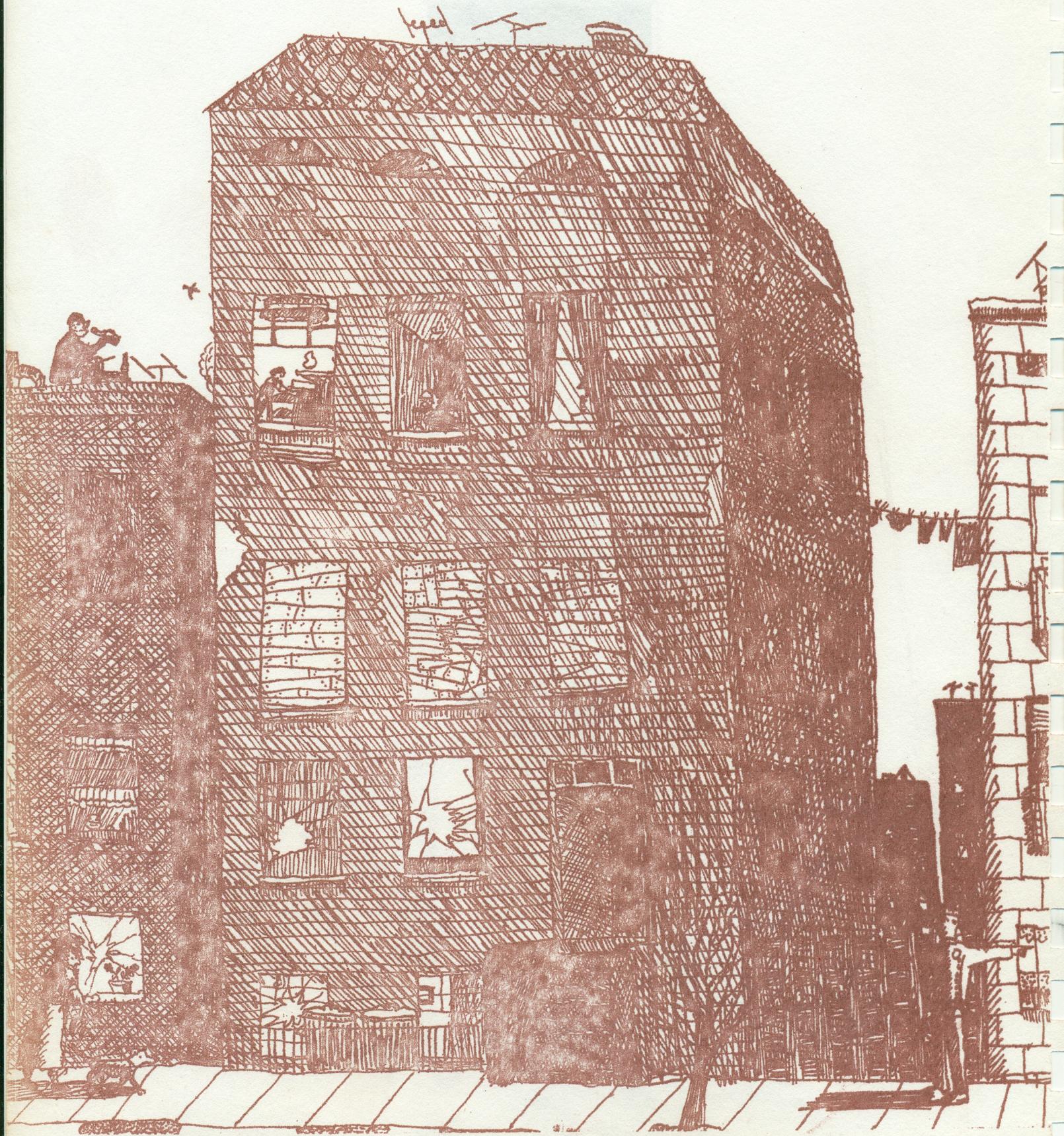
I then turned the conversation to a lighter vein, although delving into the past. I questioned Dr. Bulova about Zuki and Yoyo, asking him if they were merely platonic friends or if they were a couple. His answer to the question was both surprising and amusing. He started off by telling me that they weren't even here during the same years. Then he continued on, going into detail about each one of them. Zuki was a girl, a very lovely and charming youngster, although, alas, poor Zuki was addicted to writing her name all over the walls. Incurably addicted. Yoyo, it turned out, also had an addiction problem. His addiction was to the instrument of Buck's Rock, the folk guitar. Instead of spending any time in the shops, Yoyo would spend his entire day on the lawn with friends and guitar. His only other major distinction is that he is the only student ever

known to have flunked out of Goddard College.

After this, returning to the present, I asked Dr. Bulova rather hesitantly why Buck's Rock, by far the freest and most liberal of camps in most respects, is the only one which does not have co-ed overnights. He responded by telling of how, if we were allowed this, we would turn into one of those, typical, teen-agey camps where the boys and girls, according to him, spend the entire day in teasing each other and necking, participating in this rather frustrating and frenzied activity to the exclusion of all others.

It was at this time that I noticed, with a feeling of both dread and amusement, that the tape was on the machine backwards and that the recorder was magnetized and that the interview was recorded only in the minds of its listeners, several friendly Farmhouse girls who were in there early to work on their looms. I told Dr. Bulova about the situation and then proceeded to try to straighten the tape. I, however, managed to bungle things up even further so that before we knew it there were ten yards of tape flying loose from the recorder, all over the floor. Dr. Bulova very kindly helped me roll it up and accepted my sincere, if overdone, apology. Surprisingly enough, the interview ended at this point. So does this article.

Debby Pope



The Street

The street was silent. The tempest had ended. Rubbish littered the site of the recent tumult. Water, which had once been ejected by high-pressure hoses, trickled down the gutter. The shops, lined on both sides of the street, looked like bedraggled guards, worn and lonely. On the street were abandoned placards, so streaked with dirt that their inscriptions could not be read. But it did not matter, for, to the men who had carried them, slogans such as "Freedom Now" and "Non-violence" had no more meaning. Their bodies, black as well as white, lay on the street. Their blood painted a morbid design in the twilight. As the different streams trickled down the street, they mingled and formed pools. And it could finally be seen with the eyes, as well as the soul, that the blood of black and white were one, and could not truly be separated.

David Bloomfield



While the Camp Was at Tanglewood

It was July 24. The camp arose early, sleepy bodies protesting after the late night before. My mind tried to remember why today was special, what was happening. Finally, at about the same time that everyone else got mental control of their physically tired bodies, I remembered --- the camp was going to Tanglewood. But you're not going, Lisa, so why not turn over and go back to sleep, I told myself. The idea seemed impractical because a mean counselor, too sleepy to see who I was, had hoisted me out of bed a few minutes before. I dressed, my denim shorts strangely out of place in the midst of petticoats, hair-spray, and eye make-up. I walked to breakfast, where everyone was busy admiring everyone else's dresses. People you've seen for three weeks seem so different in "city clothes," so civilized. I walked back to my bunk and considered going back to sleep.

Finally I heard, by the shouts of campers and the noise of busses getting moving, that they had left. I went out of the bunk and saw a camp very different. It was quiet and lacked its characteristic hustle-bustle of creative people doing creative things. I faced the exhilarating prospect of a day without people --- no lines in the Silver Shop, doing whatever I wanted by myself in the Art Shop, taking a long walk by myself and not meeting anyone. On the tennis courts, lessons were cancelled, and I waited around for a game with someone. Hot and sweaty, I returned to my bunk to find the two other "remainders" listening to Joan Baez on the record player, and I entered into a lively discussion of the war in Vietnam. I looked over The New York Times from the day before, and, after reading the latest developments, we discussed Johnson's policies. When lunch gong rang, we went to the Social Hall together.

Lunch was a very strange meal --- the lines were short, Ilse read the announcements, and the dining room was oddly quiet. The atmosphere was very unlike the normal noisy camp bedlam. The afternoon dragged. I finished a scarf in the Weaving Shop and considered starting a hand rug. I designed a pair of earrings in the Silver Shop and wrote some letters on the Print Shop typewriters. I remembered that an article was due the next day for the Weeder's Digest so I wrote it. When wash-up rang for supper, I was relieved. The afternoon was over, and people would be back soon. At supper Ilse announced that the evening activity would be the movie made at camp last year. Everyone cheered and things felt more normal than they had all day. After supper I played volleyball until the first of the busses finally appeared. I ran to greet it and, in the midst of yelling and shouted greetings, the camp was united again. Then at night, covered with sweaters and blankets, pleasantly squashed in the middle of all of my friends who were screaming and hiding their heads with false modesty every time they saw themselves, I was happy. How lovely to be among friends.

Lisa Mann

Move the Line, Dammit

"Will someone ring the gong, please?"

"I'll do it, Florence."

A strange-looking thing in a white apron and a cardboard hat holding serving tongs runs out of the kitchen and shoves his way through a line of healthy, hardy, happy, hungry campers.

"Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong Gong!!!"

An explosion, which sounds as though a dam had ruptured, echoes through the kitchen and the first lunch-line rushes forward. Behind us, our line-serving boss, Dick, barks last-minute orders to us. "Put on your hat, over there, and keep your fingers out of the salad. You're not supposed to eat while serving. Roll up your sleeves and be happy, hard-working C.I.T.'S."

While he says this, the start of the lunch-line moves past the yummy mounds of food. The happy sounds of delighted children fill our hearts with joy.

"What in hell is that?"

"Hell, and I'm hungry too!"

"Blecccch. I can't eat that. Why can't you serve something good?"

"!!!@%!!"

"Oh dear, I'm on a diet, too."

"Hey! Look who's serving!"

We get insulted. Since we serve the food, we feel part of it and, therefore, are compelled to defend its merits. After the initial reaction of the campers to the food, comes the "question-answer" period in which servers and served exchange insults, wise-cracks, and,



in extreme cases, punches.

CIT #1: "Do you want one or two?"

Camper: "Three."

CIT #1: "Ha Ha! Get outta here."

CIT #2: "Push your tray up! I can't reach that far!"

Camper: "Hey, idiot, don't put the gravy in my juice."

Camper: "What's this junk made out of?"

CIT #2: "Oh, turtle food, creamed aardvark spleen, and other choice ingredients."

Camper: "Very artistic. Is it edible? It looks like dogfood!"

CIT #3: "No, it's not dogfood, stupid."

Camper: "Gimme more."

CIT #4: "Move."

Camper: "C'mon, gimme more."

CIT #4: "Move kid. You're holding up the line."

Camper: "Aw C'mon, gimme more."

CIT #4: "Move gawdammit, before I kill you with my serving tongs."

Camper: "What kind of juice is that?"

CIT #5: "Orange."

Camper: "Can I have apple?"

CIT #5: "Sorry, only what's on the menu."

Camper: "Gimme a lot."



The server, CIT #2, by now fed up with greedy campers, covers the entire tray and contents with chopped hamburger. The server next to him, thinking that was a clever thing to do, deposits a spoonful of mashed potatoes in his best soup kitchen method on the same camper's hand.

This good-natured fun plus the boredom of serving spreads down the serving line. CIT #2 starts drumming on the meat, CIT #5 builds a house out of juice cups, and I start serving the cake upside-down. Then we all start singing the "Army Song" from the Three Penny Opera until Dick comes running frantically into the kitchen telling us to shut up. We do, and the line keeps rolling on for about half an hour.

"Christ, how long is this line, anyway?"

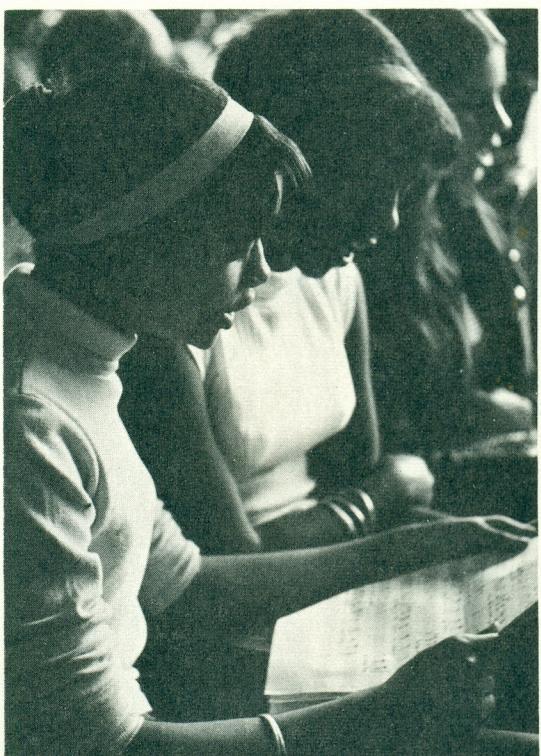
"Everyone from second crashes into first! We'll serve here

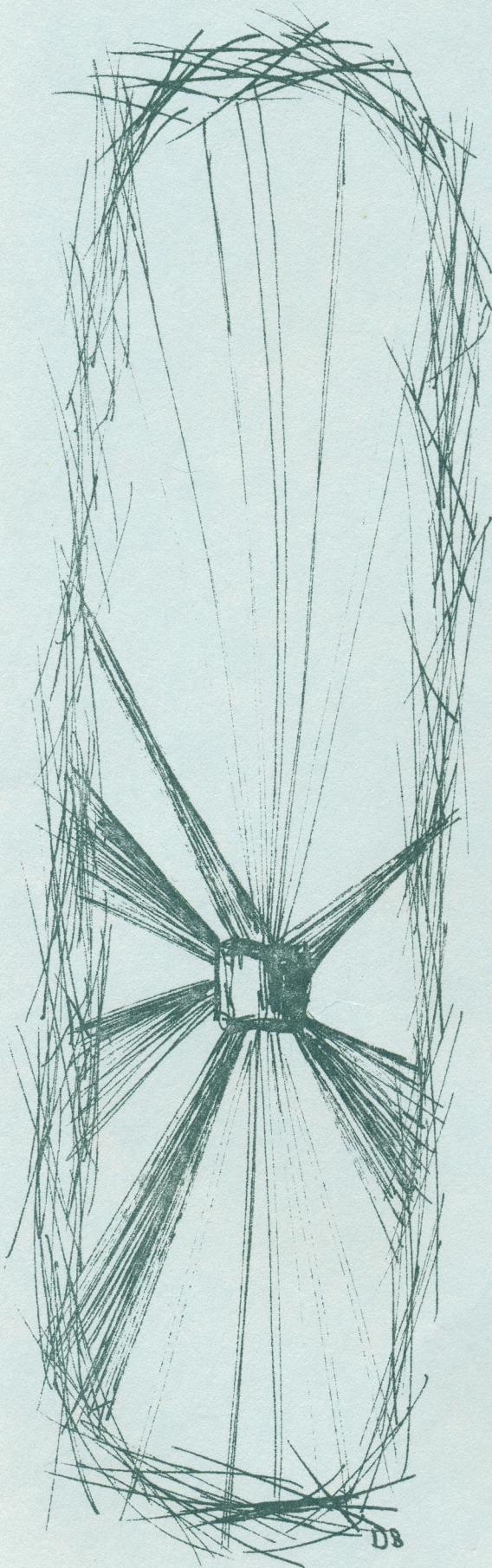
till we die."

"Excuse me, but I think Schwartzbaum fell asleep in the mashed potatoes again. Better wake him up."

Finally the line ends, except for the usual stragglers who have to serve themselves. We take off our hats and aprons and stagger out of the kitchen heat. We each grab a tray and prepare to eat the same stuff we spent 45 minutes serving.

Dan Brown





**the poor musician
in the confines of one song
he must express himself**

space...

I feel the tired pressure

of the heat

the whoosh of the wind

the flow of the water

around me

it's so big out there

while I'm so small

who turns

the universe

for summer, a boundary,

a radius, but outside

another and another

radios a few concentric

about me

but also

space

unmeasured, unmeasured, unmeasured

unmeasured, I can never

measure, measure, measure, measure

occupy



It was a very hot day that week..

The weather at Buck's Rock is as follows: cool at breakfast, pleasant but cool during the morning, warmer after lunch, and quite cool after dinner. But it can get hot. And it did.

The New York Times was telling us how hot it was, Ernst was telling us how hot it was, and counselors were saying, "My it's hot in here; open a window."

Ernst suspended construction and archery, asked us, or rather told us, not to walk to town, not to eat outside camp, not to keep food in the rooms, and, he said, "Why don't you go swimming?"

So we didn't walk to town, we didn't eat outside camp, we didn't buy food, and, wonder upon wonders, we didn't starve!

The results were obvious within a few days. Sixty-four campers and CIT's were sick with a virus that was called everything from the crud to the bubonic plague. The milk machine broke down and stopped refrigerating, and the water supply ran low after many showers.

Things started to get moldy, the clothes on the lines didn't dry, potato chips went stale and soggy, and the water in the swimming hole was warmed up for the first time.

At night the scene changed. It got dark but the temperature stayed high. We sat around and couldn't sleep. While the counselors weren't looking, we left our rooms and sat on the porches to talk, or read, or to sit and think, or to do anything to escape the heat.

Parents came and smiled as they said, "It's much better than in the city." Their collars wilted slowly. When they said, "Why don't you get a hair cut?" we al-

most took them seriously. We took two showers a day and changed our clothes. We looked forward to laundry day. It meant clean clothes to change into.

And slowly, as Buck's Rockers roared in the telephone booths, the heat began to lift. It started off slowly and for a few days we were still hot even though the temperature said only ninety-two degrees, and then it cooled off and we started archery and construction and went to town and ate. We slowly got out of the infirmary and soon it was August and we were freezing.

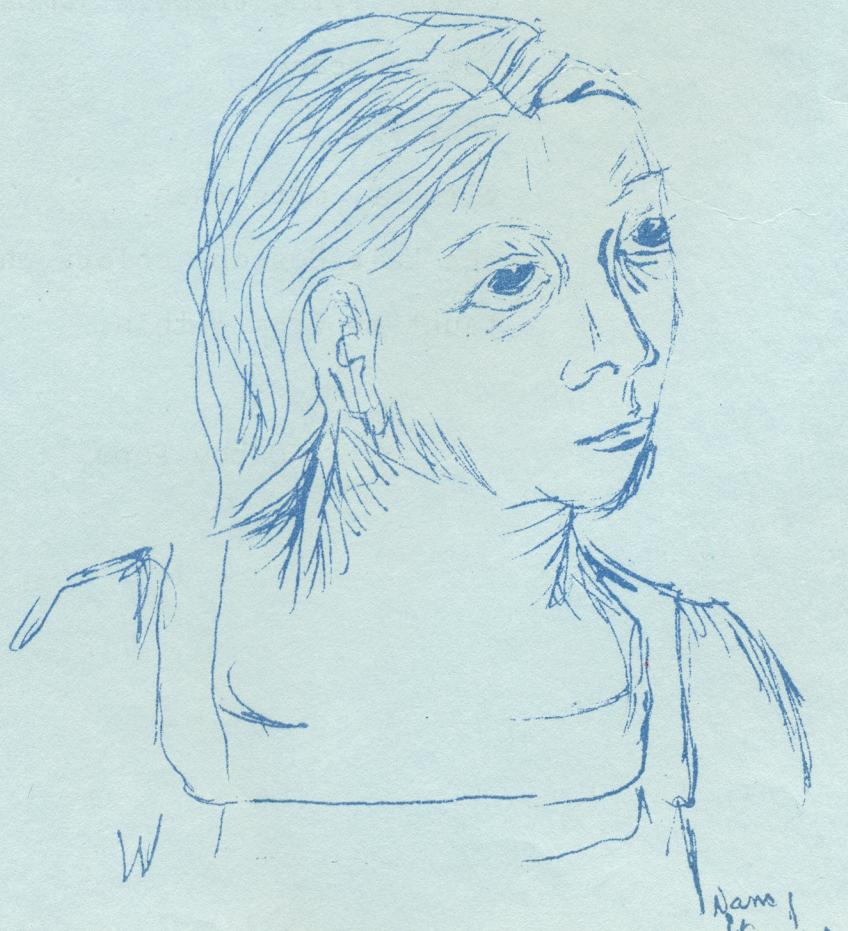
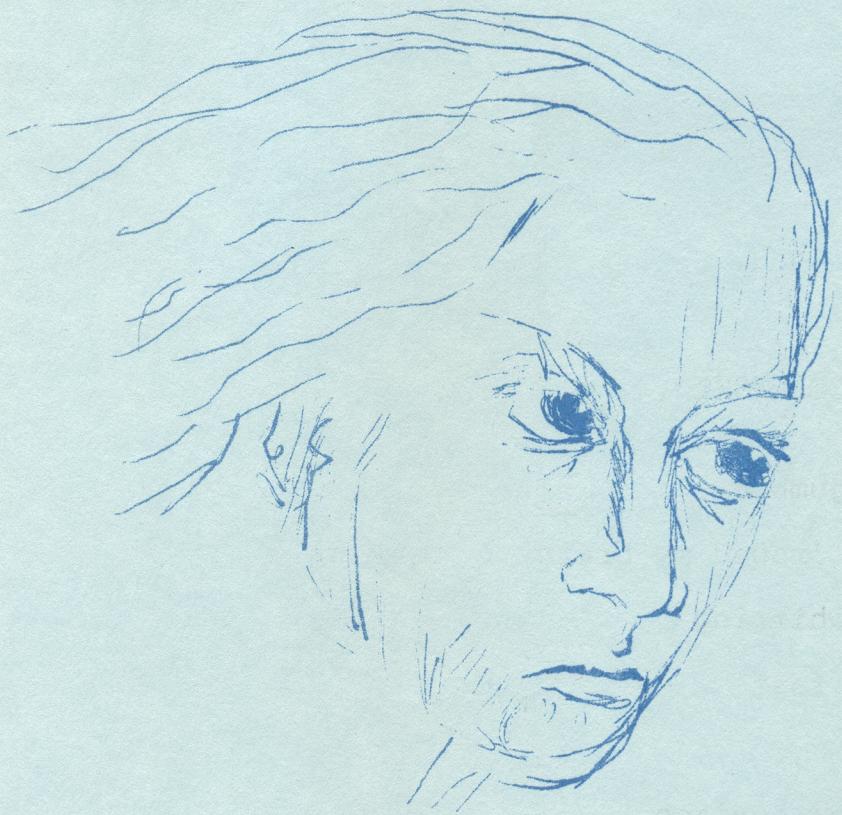
The New York Times said, "July was a very hot month."

BETSY SCHULZ

THE COOL WORLD,

humble-jumble
rattles 'round my brain
empty, whirring
far and fast
beyond
my narrow horizon
crazy flying trapeze jumps
out of reach
they all
tire me, more than
the kaleidoscope colors which
taunt me from within.

Debby Pope



Nanci
Eriksen

beyond the sunset

shined and shined and shined and shined
and all the grass was green inside
the smiles wept in silent tones
i heard the bride with fragile moans
she wept and crept the evening through
they say that mr groom had left
the crystal ball predicted so
and now she moves on misty spells
that rattle up and down the road
in agony of belief in all
which others shy---but what is true
beyond the frame of down-to-earth
exist the many who look
through reality to the hills
and grooves of forever-never-land

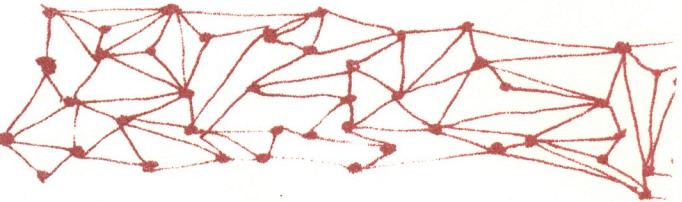
renna kaplan

waiting in night's
timeless darkness
waiting for some unseeable
frightening dawn
wondering--
will it be hot oranges
(burning my sweetly night-blinded eyes)
or smooth purples and blues
mellowing into the belonging of
an earlier sunset.

Naomi Cohen

One Moment

by Josh Stein



...The sun shone furiously from the heavens. The heat was so great that the air in its dominion wavered, as if cowering in fear. The bedouin fell from his camel to the scorching sand, exhausted from travel and insane with thirst....

...Roger ran. He could feel his scissor-legs pumping as he ran. He was leading. Good. He looked back for the others. So far he was--suddenly, sky. Sunlight. Ground. Black. Roger fell, thudded. Incredulously, he watched, as they passed him....

...The conservative businessman executive sat at the ceremonial dinner. He hardly minded the clash of forks and the buzz of talk, as he sat with his thoughts. "Must remember speech. How should it start? Ladies and Gentlemen? No. Too corny. Circus talk. What, then? -- Wait. Too quiet. Have to talk. Now. Godammit." He stood to speak and cleared his throat. "Uh, Ladies and Gentlemen...."

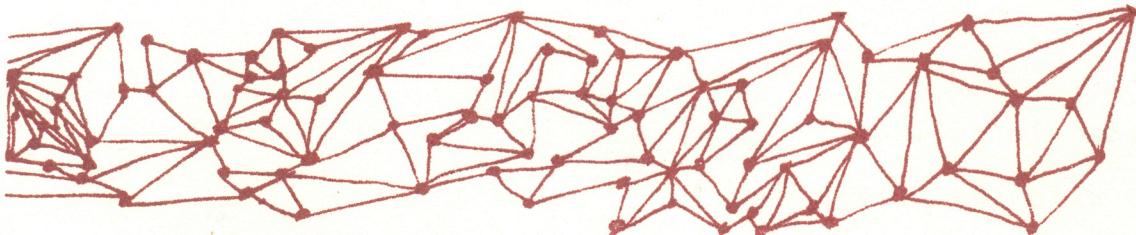
...David sat on the rock. He was bent into the position of a hunchback. On his legs sat the mosquito bite. He bent more and reached the bite. With tearing, maniacal fingers, he clawed at it. Finally, the skin broke and a drop of blood appeared. David stopped, goal achieved, content....

...The girl felt his lips against hers. She felt his desires, his wants, as they fell breathlessly to the floor....

...Guiseppi cut the man's hair. It was curly and blond, so he cursed silently as the locks fell. How he hated curly hair! So hard on the comb. It hurts the one whose hair is cut. Thus, less of a tip. Damn. Guiseppi snapped his scissors angrily, fire-eyed. Damn....

...Jack saw the open cash register, its drawers bursting, over-ripe. He made an awkward motion with his hand, hesitated for a moment, grabbed whatever he could finger, and bolted out the door....

...The very old man with the ancient face and antique eyes



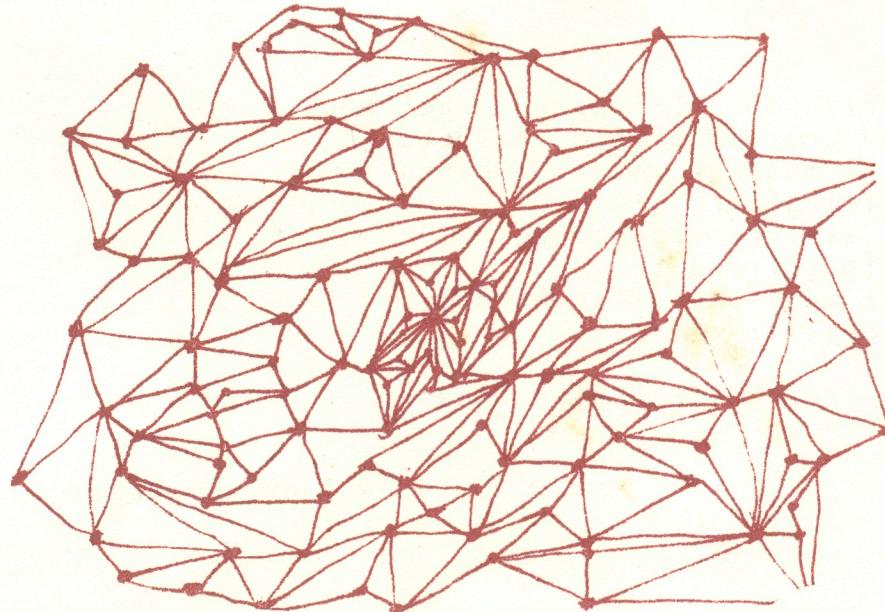
and gnarled fingers sat sobbing in the chair. Tears flowed freely down the drawn cheeks. He looked at it again and burst anew with crying--his son, whom he grasped tightly and loved so, his son--now freshly dead. He crumpled the picture and let it fall to the ground. His son....

...Eric sat in a corner. All round him the party was in full swing. He heard the phonograph gurgle its sound. He heard the shrill shriek of a laughing woman. He saw the host approach him wonderingly and try to act happy....

...The surfer rode the waves. He was experienced at it. He knew just how to skim the top, bounce the board, and just how--he fell off the board into the gritty sand and was thinking of an excuse when the wave crest readied itself to crash down upon him....

...Laying her obese body on the bed, she eagerly read the book. Her eyes, limpid puddles in her head, moved avidly across the page, lapping up the words. At times she would close the book, lie on her back, put her hand to her forehead, as if fainting, and utter little cries of astonishment. Then she would continue reading....

...The boy coughed up a lungful of phlegm and let it ooze slowly through his lips. It dripped down his chin and then fell in a sickening puddle on his pajamas....



the crisp air swishes
into my cold and bitter face
the dust whips around me
and I am encircled by
a turmoil of crunchy
leaves

jeffrey laurin mackler

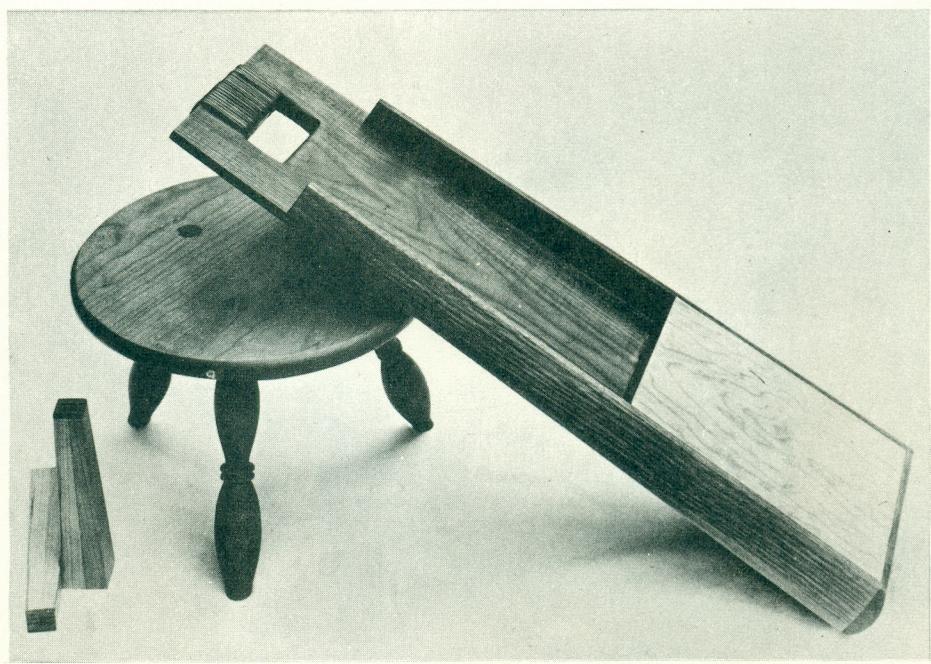
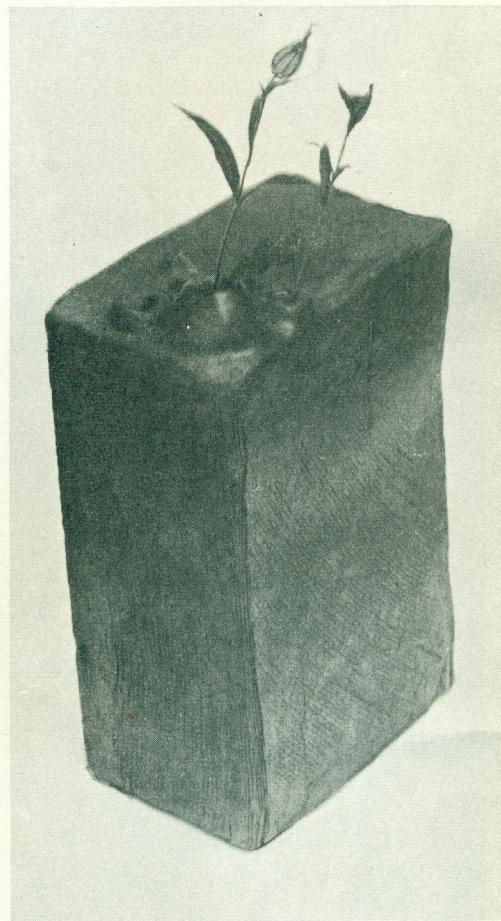
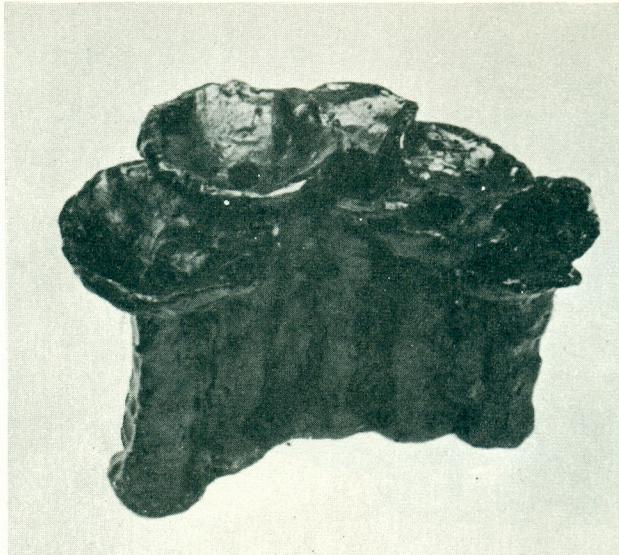
wet, clammy coldness
yet something to hold onto
something rooted to the earth--
always
always--unless struck down
or uprooted by a wind,
or cut by a careless stroke--
tomorrow
then--nothing to hold onto,
nothing to grasp and cling to--
but the wind.

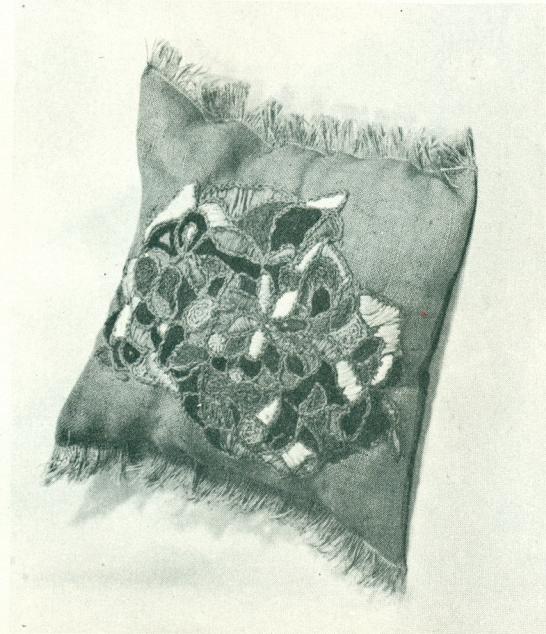
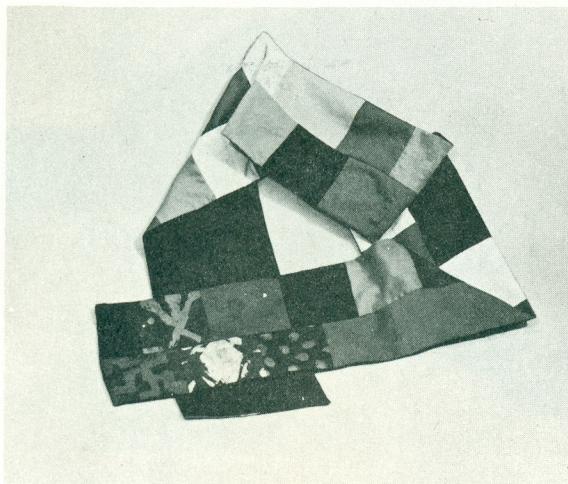
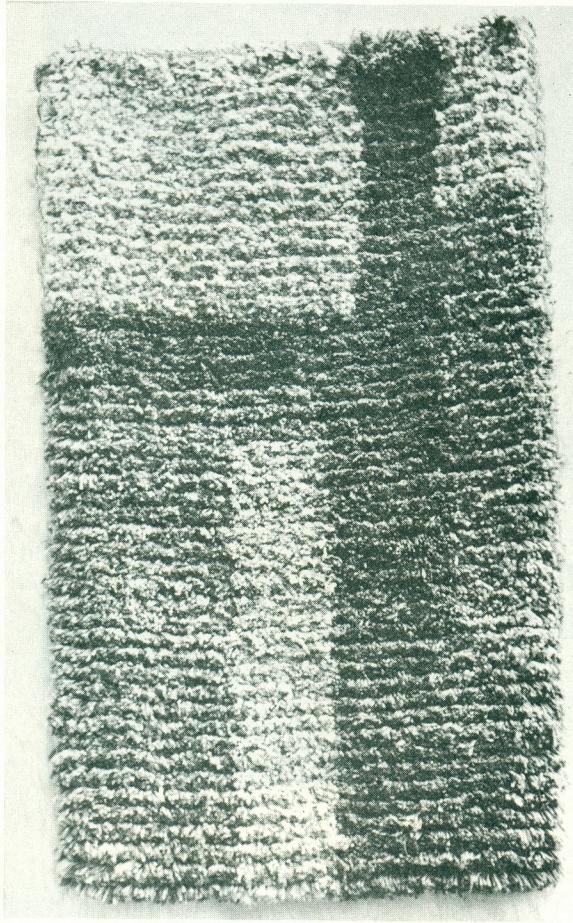
Elizabeth Sue Schnur

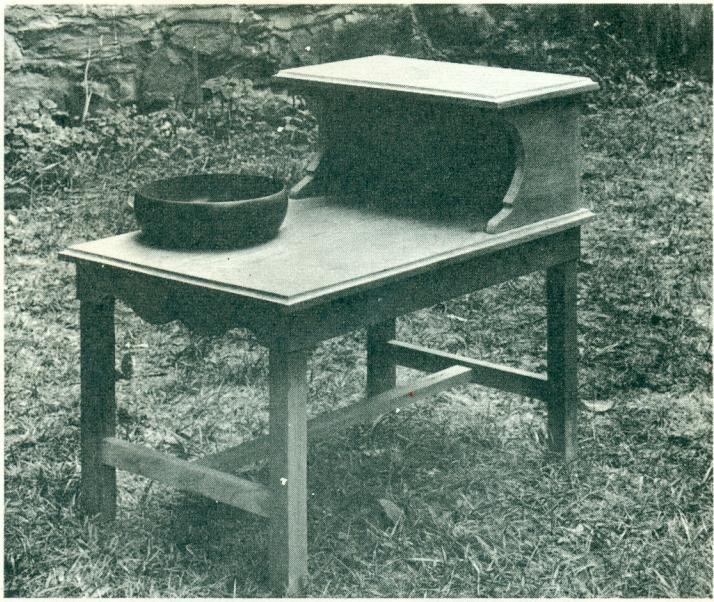
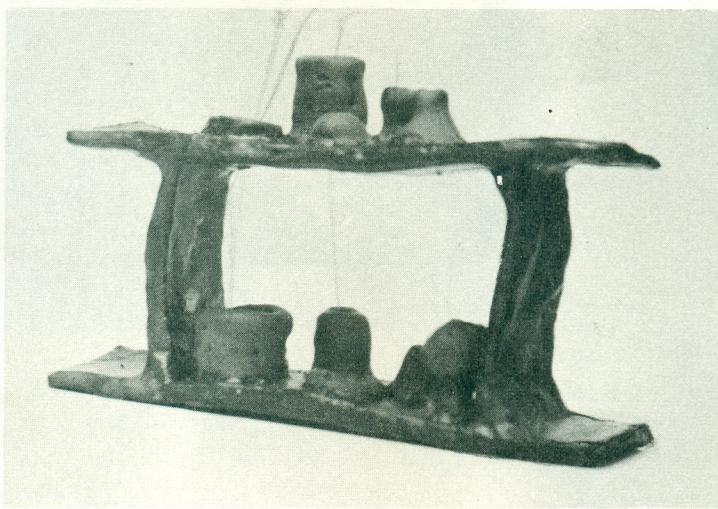
the barrier of stiff proud erect rock
juts and protrudes into the ocean
the great mass of ocean combined to an
overwhelming force
batters strikes and pounds
the fatigued rock
the rock must sacrifice herself
to the ocean's will

for the rock protects the land

jeffrey laurin mackler







Disintegration

I am the eye of the hurricane.
All that goes on around me
Revolves in distortion
Great proportion.

I sit in the center calm,
Hidden and aloof from all
Because of envelopes
And hopes

Which seal me from the storm outside
With sealing wax and monograms.

Then lit by a match
Catch,

And join the fired world outside.
Add to flames which typhooned waters,
Although they drench,
Cannot quench.

And suddenly I'm unprotected
Left to consequences of the storm,
Left to distortion
Great proportion.

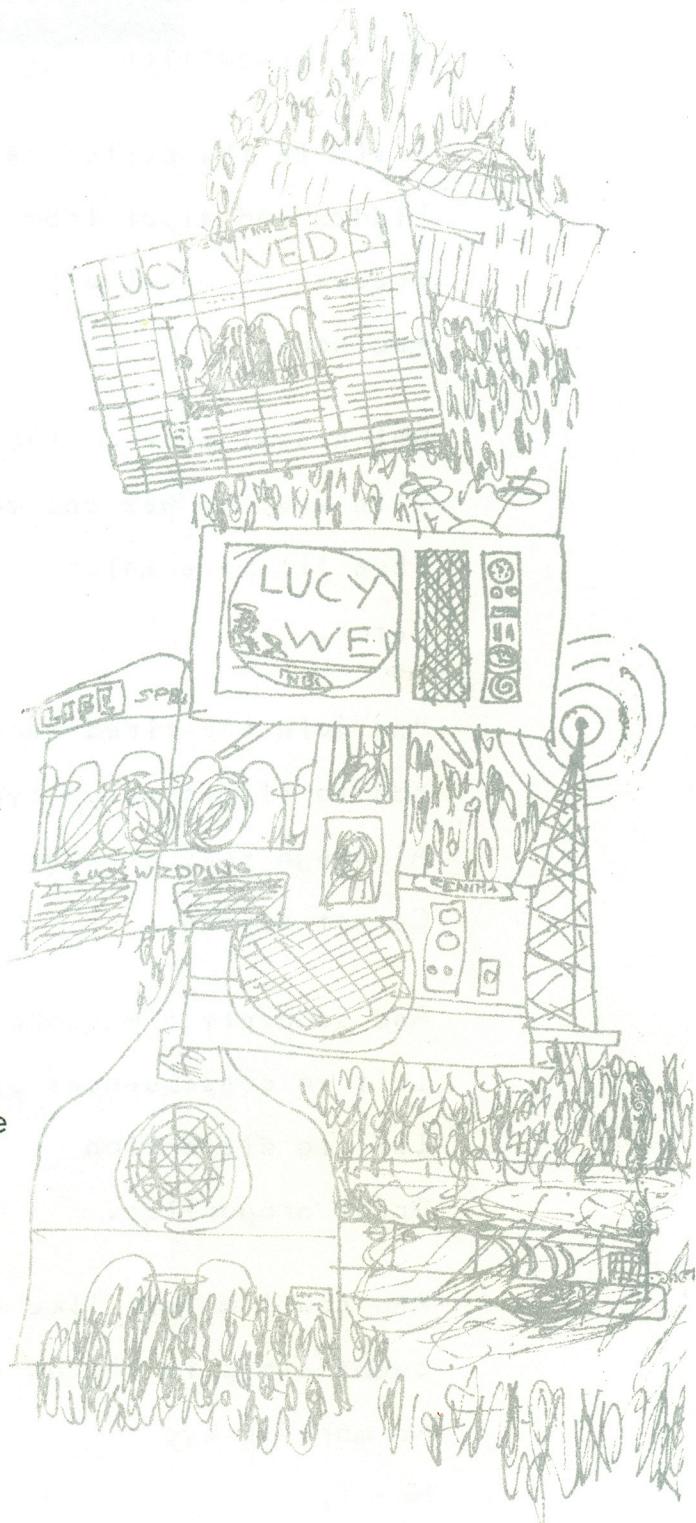
And now I'm just like all the rest.
Swept along in the outer plane,
No more an eye
Nor I.

on the occasion of your wedding i am writing you a poem
luci johnson

IN A PLACE
ONCE UPON A
TIME
there was a
man named
jon doe
and this young man
my friends
went to a
big college
with big lawns
and big buildings
in boston
and he wanted to
be a poet and he
knew

EVERYTHING

there was to know
about everything
except
one day a man
came to his college
who said that all
the men had to take
a test
and jon doe
did not believe
that it was
constitutional
to take this test
and he didnt take it
and one day
they shipped him off
to a far-away land
so he could fight
against someone whose name he
wasnt even sure of
for someone he never even
saw
he was fighting
(his father told him)
for someone that had
been elected
to his high office
Fairly
and Squarely



so he fought
and fought
and fought
and then one summer day
he stepped into
a hole
with spikes in it
and someone
had put poison on
the sticks
and jon doe stayed
there
wrigthing in pain
for 4 hours
before he died
and that day
he received
a letter from
his mother and the letter said

Dear Jon,

lyndon johnsons daughter
is getting married
today...

dick ehrlich

Et tu, Henry?

As we got off the busses at Stratford, I looked around. I saw the Sound with its boats, docks, and bluff. The scenery moved me to do some sketchy pen drawings, but then it was time to enter the theatre, and soon Julius Caesar began. How real the first two minutes of action were. I seemed to be viewing them from a high building. All too soon, though, the audience impressed itself upon me and the illusion vanished. The first few scenes were fine, but then I started feeling drowsy, as though drugged.

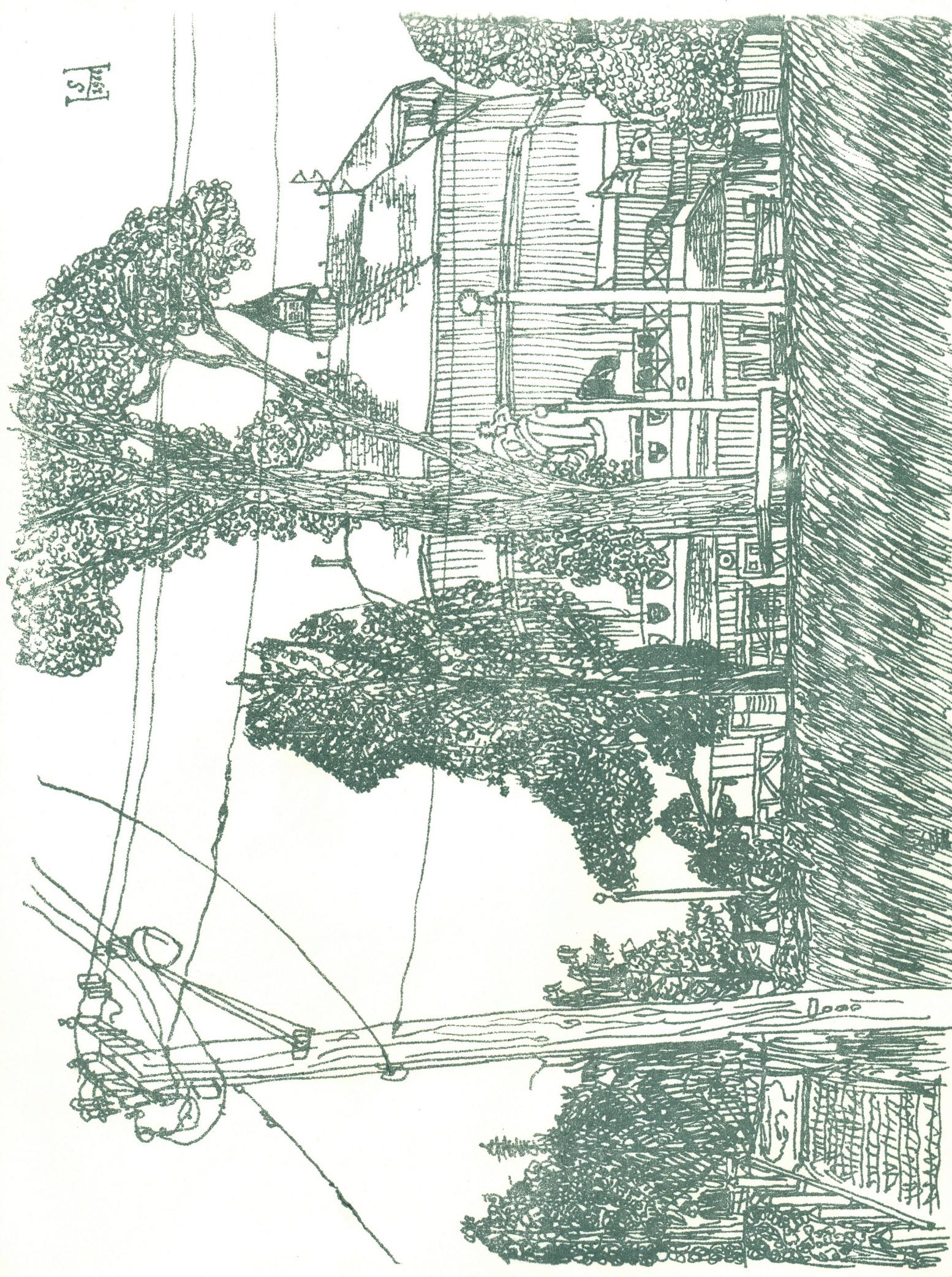
When I first fell asleep I don't know, but I recall that each time I awoke in the darkened theatre a struggle would take place. Although I was extremely tired, I still attempted to keep my eyes open. This failing, I would try to catch the dialogue. Finally, I dropped off again to strange nightmares. The dreams were in character, like Bosch's painting, but less imaginative. My movements in waking up startled the people sitting next to me.

After the intermission lights had awakened me, I rushed outside, hopeful that fresh air would keep me awake. I remained on the lawn after almost everyone had gone back inside. It was quiet and peaceful. I walked down the steps and part way across the footbridge to the sailing club. Then I began to draw, putting in details which often merged into patterns.

Families got out of their boats, into their nearby cars, and onto the road. Soon the water too was empty. All that was now important was late afternoon and trees and light. Some local boys were playing football on the lawn and I stopped drawing twice to throw back the ball. Finally, as I completed the drawing, the crowd streamed out of the theatre. I rejoined the others for picnic supper.

Henry Schneiderman

15



Going to Town

Hot day, and the sweat pours down our backs. We walk on; the Bob Dylan song we are singing resounds flatly in our ears and against the burning tar of the sun-scorched road, most of which, always, seems to be ahead. Finally we arrive in town; a joke is cracked about "the metropolis." We head for Lautier's past the lumber yard and the liquor store, up to Bank Street. At Lautier's we first order mugs of root beer. The glasses are thick and frosty-cold. They slide impressively on the counter. Then we get up, stretch, buy some gum, peppermint sticks, and in our dirty work-shirts, venture into the world of the feminine. Lipstick and cologne are sniffed and examined. We are scrutinized by the salesgirl. We decide to leave. Next stop, First National, recently constructed across the bridge on Route 7. It is large and we are struck by this (in all probability it is no larger than the one at home but---it glares hugely in our countrified eyes). We take a cart and steer it down the aisles. First we buy our "diet food"---chocolate wafers---to be eaten in addition to our normal diet. Then we go and pick out a box of pretzels. We hold a debate between sticks or regular. I am the practical almighty: there are $\frac{3}{8}$ ounces more (for the same money!) in the sticks. We select them. Then for the fruit: soggy plums and sour peaches---fly-bitten too---ah, but do you not know manna from heaven on a summer night? We are finished; the cashier jingles up our bill. We scrape it together. Someone ends up owing someone else $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents. As we leave with our brown paper bag we are spotted by a camp truck. They offer us a lift. Despite our undone errands at Grants we accept. Five minutes later the truck departs, removing us from "civilization," a world of piped music and frozen pizza, and carrying us back to creativity and O'Brien potatoes. We arrive back at camp. The washup gong rings.

Debby Pope

Down With Lake Waramaug

Down with lake Waramaug! Down with lake Waramaug!
I'm a wretched wretch and a snob, half dead, half alive,
and I still feel sort of mad at this lake, or at vital
life. For being between me and the other shore
Even though it has a bottom which I could walk across.
"Dry up lake, dry up." Please take me seriously.
Don't be so calm; it bothers me, makes me
right. You're snobby, mean, and unintellectual.
Don't ruin all my footprints in the sand
By filling them up with silt again no visage
You capture anything I throw at you, snug some
With those accursed rings that spread out mockingly.
And come right back at me again bus do it
How can you sit there so sweet and gentle like
With world crises going on!
Here comes a destroyer of calm, a woman non-skis,
Ho, ho--right at you, lake, you crumby lake.
It serves you right, all right, sand is sand
Quite pushing me up on the sand. Leaves
Especially with that maddening gurgle. Now farin
Swallow properly, you gurgle too much, leaves and
Your father should have told you so.
Gads, don't make me feel like the White Rock nymphs
Sitting on this goddam rock.
I know, I know what I'll do--at llynn
I'll fly up to the clouds, those billowing white masses,
And squeeze their blood till they're bone dry.
And watch you in turmoil, you
Alas you'll just evaporate, too go zeight.
So you'll just rain again upon yourself.

Matthew Leeds

Dances and Fun

The Truckride Back

We run toward the parked truck, stopping to pick up the wet towels dropped on the way. Most of us disregard the conventional way of getting up, and step onto the wheel and over the rail. Waiting for the driver (who is not terribly anxious to chauffeur us back to camp), a boy and a girl go through the ritual of throwing each other's sandals over the sides.

The motor is started and the truck lurches forward noisily, a warning to those who think they can make the hills standing up. As we go around a turn the seats creak and bounce, and two farmhouse girls look at each other and giggle. A boy stands up and removes a splinter from his bathing suit, and everyone applauds. Suddenly we hit a bump at the bottom of the hill and the truck flies up; we land either on the floor or on each other, laughing. The little boy at the corner house yells, "Hi Buck's Rockers," from his post on the swings.

As we look out towards the front of the truck, the wind pushes our faces into squint-eyed smiles. The trees form a canopy over us and we peer into the splotches of light coming through them. The wind runs through our hair harshly, but no one complains. The open trucks give us a wild feeling of being equal to the wind, of riding the supreme motorcycle. We remain in this state until the driver, in an attempt to appear gallant, helps us down, and we run to join the snack line.

Kate Ezra

reflections

by betsy schulz

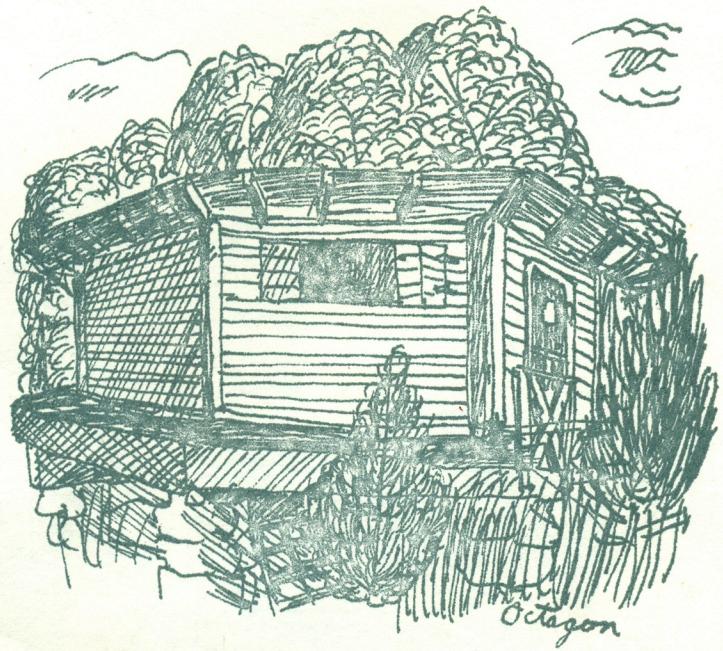
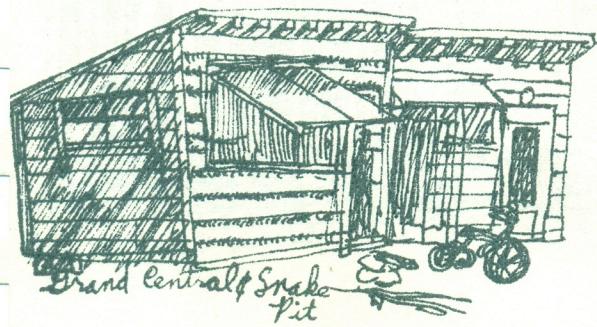
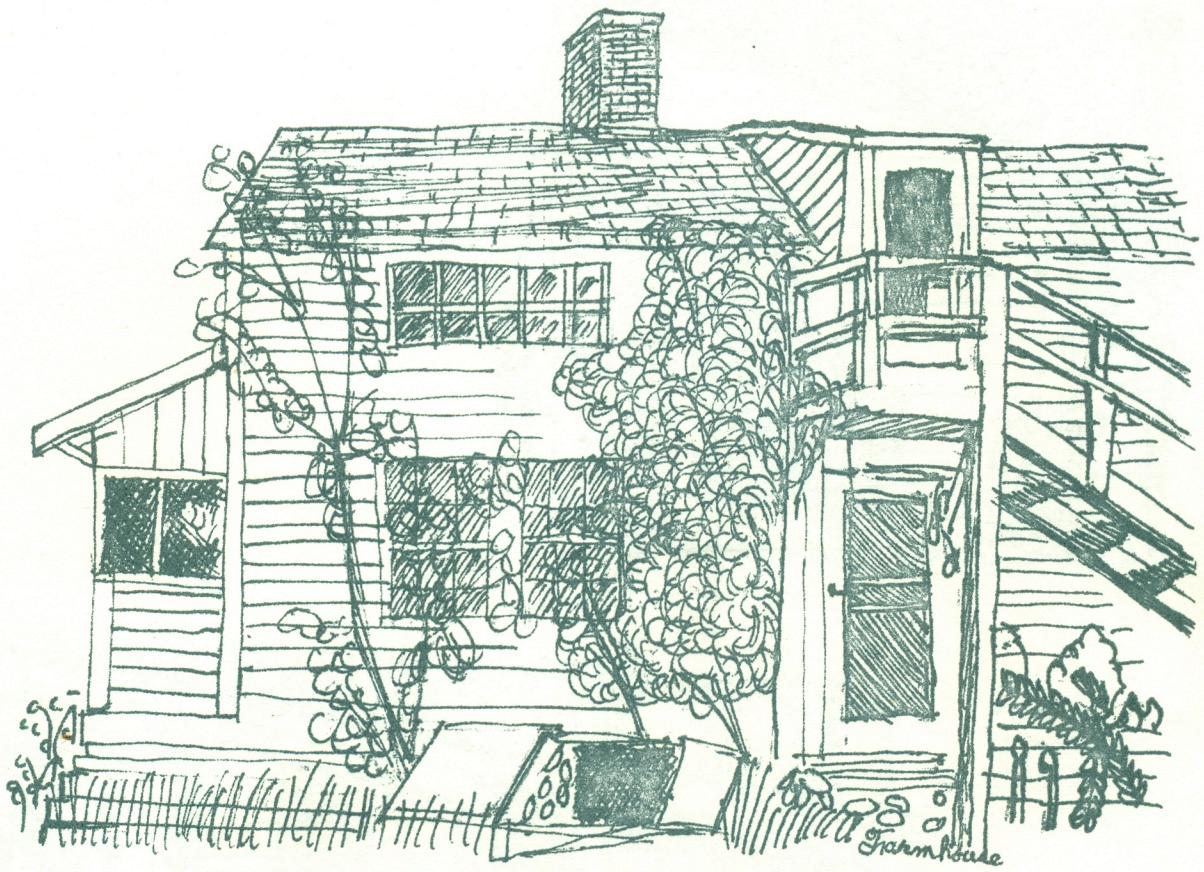
time and space are the products of thought. if not for our imagination we could not recognize them in the way that we do. time is a dimension. time and space can be tamed by thought. to travel in time through space, one must think faster than thought and time, and one mustn't allow old thoughts to interfere with new ones....

balloons float upward
into the tremendous sky
and I watch the world turn
around the clouds
and the balloons
and the larks
and I
watch a kitten run
through the grass
and pounce
on my feet....

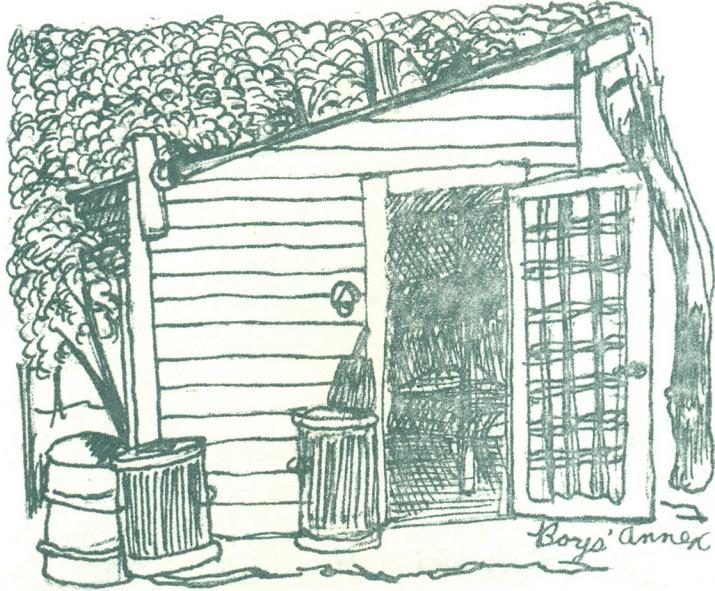
snowflakes and
soapbubbles and
beer all lose
something
if you let
them lie about.
happiness, too,
can grow stale....

i sit and watch the world and all its sleeping inhabitants and think about the dawn and wonder what's to come in the day because i have never (i don't think) been up this early, but even now i pray and hope that the future will be good....

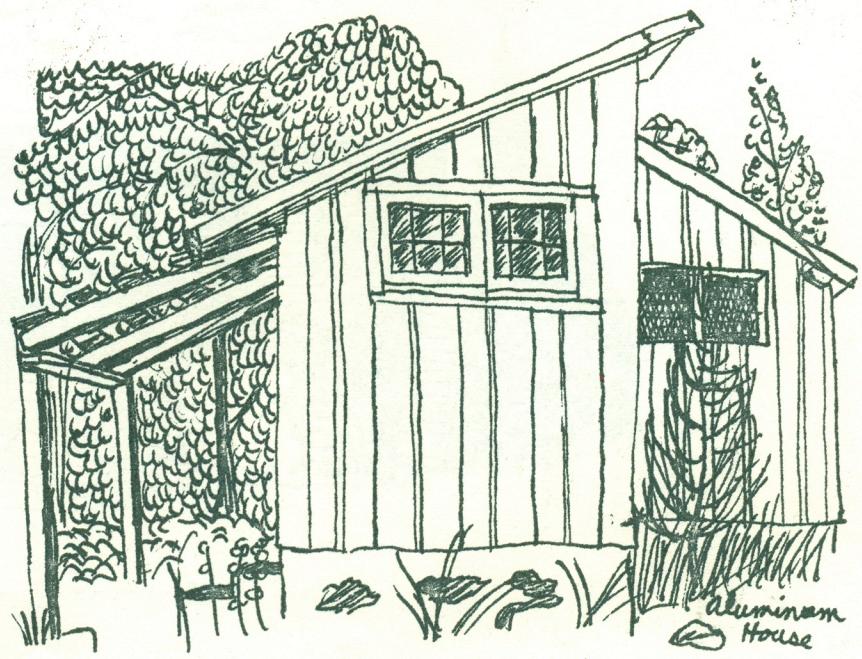
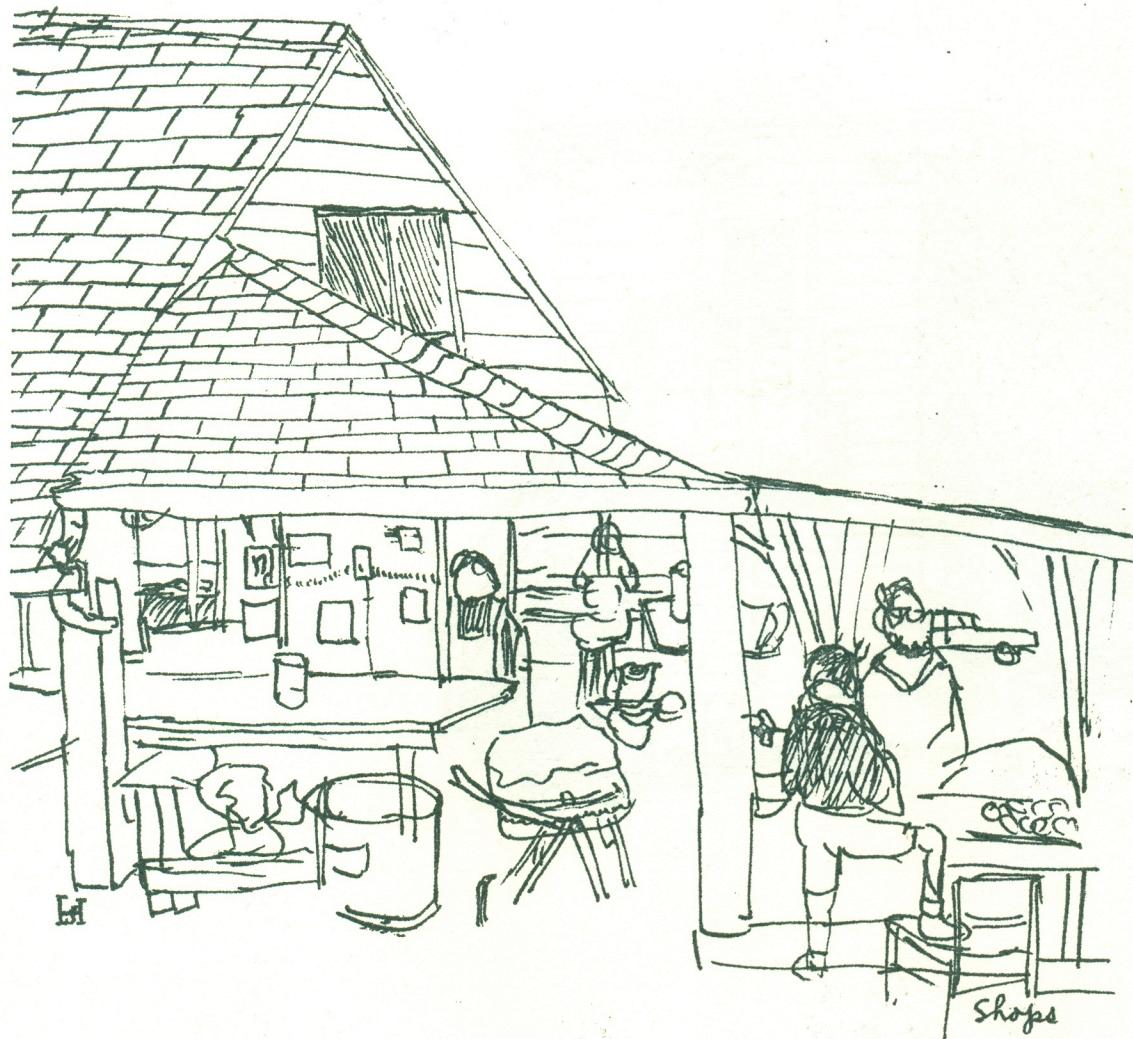
"There's nothing ill can dwell



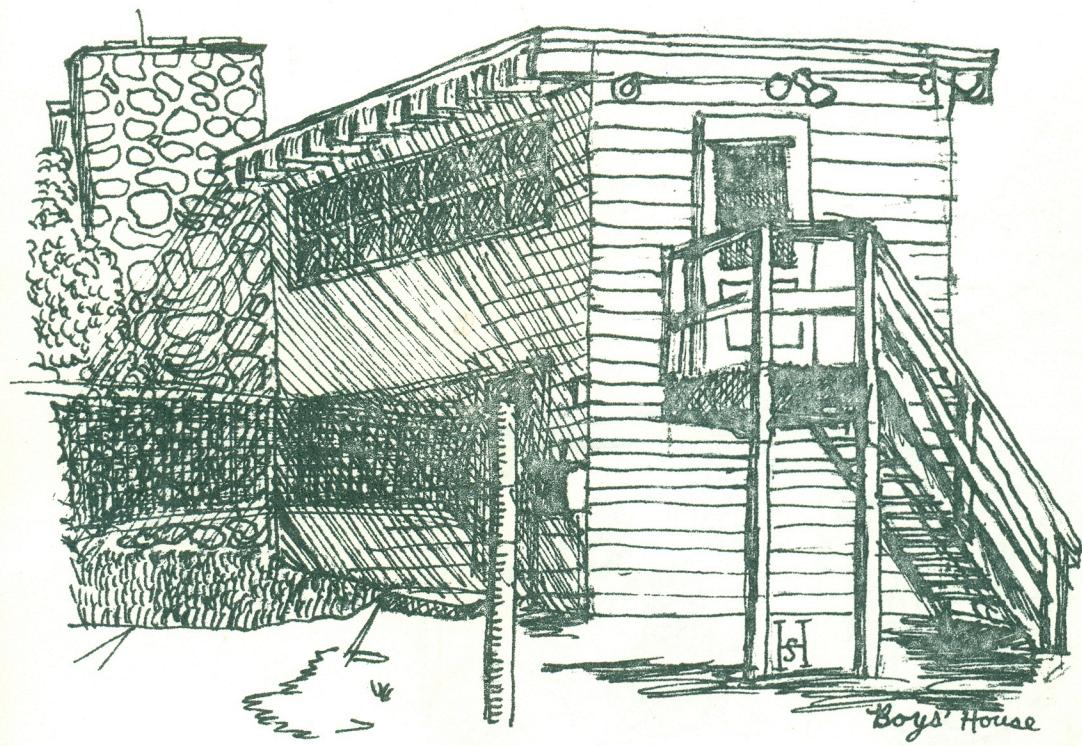
in such a temple. *If the ill spirit*



have so fair a house, Good things



will strive to dwell with it.



Illustrations by Henry Schneiderman

The Quest

"This is crazy."

"It's impossible."

"Let's rip out the grass."

"Good idea."

"Shine the light over here."

These are the words that came forth from the murky, bug-infested darkness of the tennis courts. As I walked toward the area, I found a rather strange cult of people crawling in circles and ripping up grass as if they were performing some ancient rite. They all had flashlights which they were shining into the earth. They were searching, looking for something...

"We'll never find it."

"Don't give up."

"Well, what does it look like?
Let's see the other one."

"God, it's small."

And again they fell to their knees to search.

"We're too far over."

The group moved.

"You might be sitting on it." I rose embarrassed.

The search continued. The pile of ripped out grass was rising; the flashlights, failing. Morale was clearly faltering.

Then suddenly, a quick motion. Andy bent his head to the ground. Some feverish hand motions. A glint. A shout. He picked something tenderly from the ground. Nancy rushed over, kissed him. "You found my contact lens."

Bennet Cohen

Notes on Water

First: Shimmering, silvery water reflecting green of trees and gray of distant mountains in a haze, a haze that smothers the bright green colors. Silvery white squaws drift and disappear. White and yellow floats, perfectly still, ignorant of the movement of water. Wide ripples move slowly, shattering the watery reflections. Shimmering. Silvery.

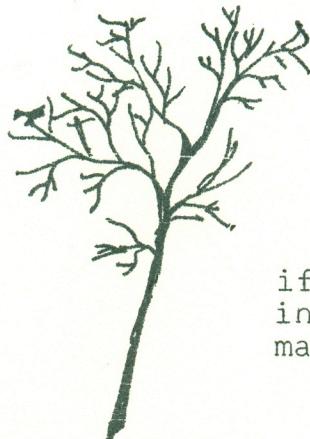
Then: Reflections shrink. Silvery blue water. Tiny ripples vibrate in the distance like grains of sugar tumbling over each other. Squaws fade into other squaws, shimmering. Water, textured and wide, reaching to the very edges of its bed. An immense spacious area, each point further and further away. A wide shimmering mirror.

Finally: The flaming ball slips behind the mountains with one last peek. Its rays glitter and dance on the water, so bright you see purple specks in front of your eyes after staring at it. Soon the glitter dies. Shadows and reflections grow. Green reflections turn gray, gray turns darker gray as the light fades. The silvery shimmer dies. Squaws relax. Gray shadows rise.

Paul Housberg



by dick ehrlich



if there was a tree
in harlem it would be a
magnificent start

joy
at
dawn
grief
at
dusk
nothing
in
between

i hear america
sees a man on a ledge
and tells him to jump
i hear america
can watch and see
one of its children dying
and send help after she
is dead
i hear america
can make someone
eat from its garbage can
then murder him for
trying to eat
i hear america
can arrest someone for
discovering new things
i hear america
can get away with hearing a plea
and turning away

For Karen

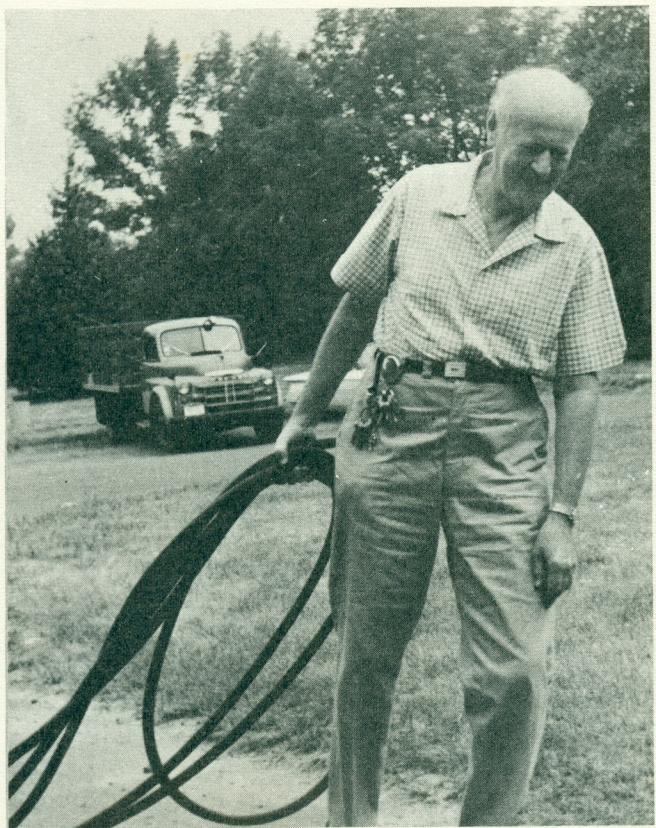
and green trees flood greenish-yellow light
on the purple forest
and the little turtle crawls across
a clearing of the trees
and we gather in the grove
to celebrate.

betsy schulz

and the wide as forever sky
is open for suggestion
and we lie on our backs and laugh up at it
we cannot hurry
we've our lives to laugh away
why worry now?

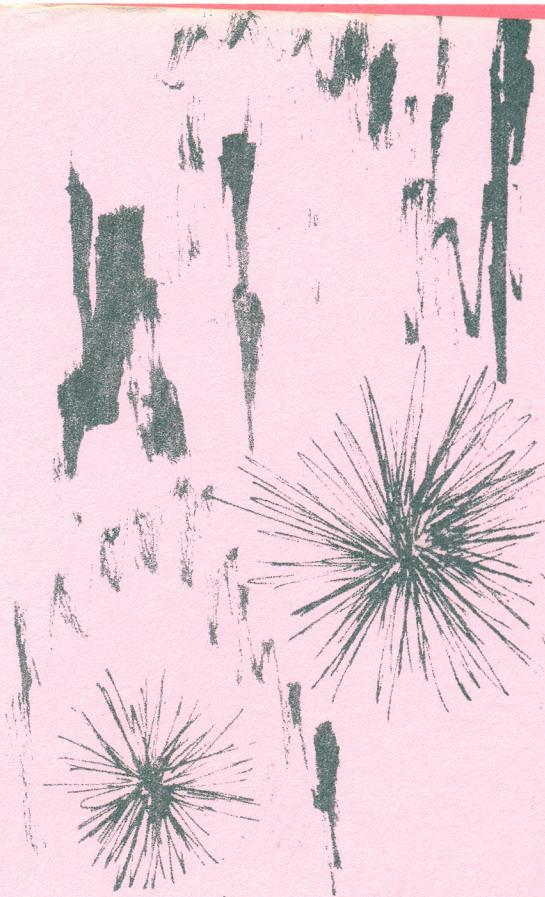
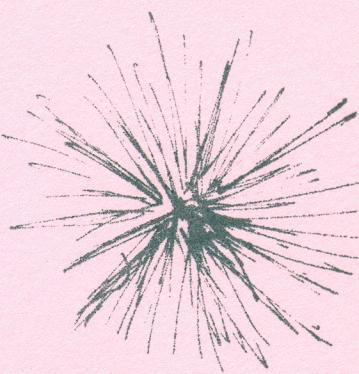
the sky laughs and sings
at the freedom
that mocks us
and the hate we conceive
is expressed by our children.

betsy schulz





do bright colors keep
my eyes from seeing the world
as it really is?



perception...

a pattern

and then it's gone

it came from somewhere

and it will go somewhere

that last one

was it true or only

in my mind

does it still exist if I

ignore it it's gone

did it ever exist

yet something carries through

hints

that others were here I

blink I run I

try to imitate

and it's different

because I'm not constant

there is

no truth

place to go than anything else. I was half expecting you to appear out of shadows somewhere and yell, "Hey!" but you didn't. It wouldn't have been your nature anyway. You would have come up behind me and said quietly, "Hello, Katherine," and looked at me...you are not the type of person who is easily forgotten. But what was the difference? You weren't going to. I was almost glad. My ambivalence surprised me. I had a crazy idea that I was going to remake my life, eluding the past, disassociating myself from it.

But I've learned now, even in a month, you can't do that. Life doesn't work that way. Perhaps they gave the wrong name to the past. I would call it the Omnipresent, for it's always there (and I have learned by experience). The future to whose demands we cater so incessantly in the Present is only the puppet of the Past: it dictates and we (puppets in our own right) acquiesce.

So maybe subconsciously I look for you in shadows. I can't avoid all the places we've been together...nor the memories. It's just that I have two sets of memories --- two pasts. The one that made me leave...and the one that is drawing me back, and though they involve the same cast of characters, the plays are entirely different.

The window is open and February is blowing in. I can feel the trees taunting each other because of their nudity, not realizing that each one itself looks that way, too. I feel as though I should be their mirror --- "Look at me and see yourselves."

There is no snow on the ground because Manhattan, a long time ago, surrendered all rights to Queens and Staten Island. Let them keep the white winters. We have the shoveled, littered streets. And we have the people - yes, millions of people - all cold and myopic, with their turned-up collars and pulled-down hats. Just right for this season. All accomplices to the winter's cruelty: all the same strangers to hospitality.

The street is cold now. There aren't too many people out. It seems strange walking alone, without a crowd. The city looks like a stage set waiting for its actors. Maybe if I give the cue the streets will fill up. But for a while I'd just like to be here by myself. I remember when we used to walk together. The street is waiting for you...

I can hear footsteps behind me. Why must they break the silence? The scene was set...

"Hello, Katherine."

But I'm just going to keep walking - and not turn around.



When

I was young
And my thoughts were sweet
And my world was neat
And my poetry rhymed

Then I said
I love you

(note the even margins and spacing)

But

the easy answers and lilting phrases
changed to confusion
empty spaces

Then i said

i love You

(note the author's stress on the object)

Now

i know that
neither you
nor i
is forever
or even

is

And now i say

i Love you

For

(isn't that the Idea)?

Jamie Studley

On Reality

When I lie in bed at night without my glasses, reality blurs. Objects on walls, shelves, tables become fuzzy black blobs. I can't be sure that these things exist, for I can't see, hear, or feel them. This has led me to think that perhaps everything is only created when I look at it. If I'm not the only one with this ability, maybe other people, physically different from myself, create "different" types of objects. Perhaps blind people create things that can be heard and felt and smelled, but not seen. For that matter, deaf people might create a world that can be seen and felt, but not heard.

The past is also something I can't be sure ever existed. All that makes me reasonably certain of its existence is memory and objects I have created. However, I can't be certain that my memory isn't my imagination -- things I have created can be felt and seen. Touching and seeing these products of my labor assure me of the past and reality since I know that I created them at one time that I remember...or perhaps imagine.

I know at least that I am here for a finite period of time. If this is true, what will happen to the things I've created and whose reality only exists when I look at them? Will they, then, die with me?

Matthew Leeds

Buck's Rock: The Second Year

My first summer at Buck's Rock was filled with the hustle and bustle of the shops. It seems I always had to be in two places at one time. However, by the end of the summer, I had learned to enjoy the freedom which the camp gave to us.

After a summer at Buck's Rock, though, school was a drag. There was no freedom of choice there. In English I feel this halted my development as a writer. The topics given to us usually didn't inspire me, and the compositions that I wrote well were cut to pieces by my very traditionalist teacher. As far as the other subjects were concerned, learning consisted of memorizing facts and processes out of textbooks.

So when the school term was over, I, of course, looked forward to my return to camp. I had planned several projects which I desired to make in the shops. I wanted to continue sculpting in metal, as I had done the year before. I even eagerly awaited playing tennis and baseball in a non-competitive manner.

However, when I came to camp, I found that the only thing I really wanted to do was think things out for myself, and define certain things in my mind. . . thinking about how I found the people of my town boring and unimportant...after a summer at Buck's Rock, thinking about how these people only want to show off their beautiful houses and cars...thinking about the pressures of school and the censors that make up our school board...

Both summers at Buck's Rock have been creative ones for me - the first in a more concrete sense, the second in an abstract sense. This second year I have created for myself a mind of my own, one which is able to discern fact and honesty from myth and pretense.

Ed Yelin

the Yerba Buena
the animals I carry in my heart
the birds I have seen
the flowers I have held
the clouds I have seen

the people I have loved
the people I have lost
the people I have known
the people I have seen
the people I have met
the people I have been

I hold all these things in my heart
but I have lost them all
I have lost them all
but still I hold them all

...and I feel blessed, I am so
lucky to be able to do this
and I am so glad you are here
to see what I have done
...and despite this I am not an egotist

KEZRA

I walk through darkness with a billion watts
of light shining from me, beaming all around on
any object other than myself. No wonder people
can't see in--even if they tried they would im-
mediately be blinded. Sensing this, they simply
look at other things. Safer things, like rocks.
Yet even if a rock I throw hits them in the face
with such force that blood oozes from their lives
and turns the earth they stand upon to sticky mud,
they would foolishly think it was the rock that
made this sad sweet mess. Never would they sus-
pect it was my arm which gave it force. And if
I were to step on them, slap their dingy skin,
and tear their very hearts and souls they would
still be blinded to my light...They can't see in,
I can't get out. I really can't get out...

Vivian Hale

Orientation

I remember that a few months ago, when people asked me about my plans for Buck's Rock, I would give them a long list of prospective projects. In the middle of the summer, most of those projects were still prospective projects. I felt suddenly that with one half of the summer over I had accomplished next to nothing.

Reassuringly (for myself) I discovered that this was also true of many of my friends, especially those who were here for the first time. They worked in all the shops, but somehow their finished pieces numbered few. Still, it was disappointing to realize that after half of the summer I could admit to only two finished projects.

Second year campers assured me that they had felt this way last year, but that now they were enlightened, had found where their interests lay, and were enjoying a much more productive summer. It takes time, they said, to get accustomed to the freedom of choice and the abundance of possible activities available at Buck's Rock. After having spent one year here it's easy to come back and get right into the swing of things, whereas a new camper requires a period of orientation. The first year is one of experimentation: you test each shop so that in your second year you know what you enjoy and what your interests are. The next summer you can work faster and more easily.

I now realize that all work does not end in a tangible result. Rather than a finished project, a result may be an improved backhand after many tennis lessons or a lead in a play after a summer of Actor's Workshop sessions. My concept of the word "accomplishment" has now broadened. It includes the new friends I have made and the new insights I have gained.

Robin Simons

FISHING

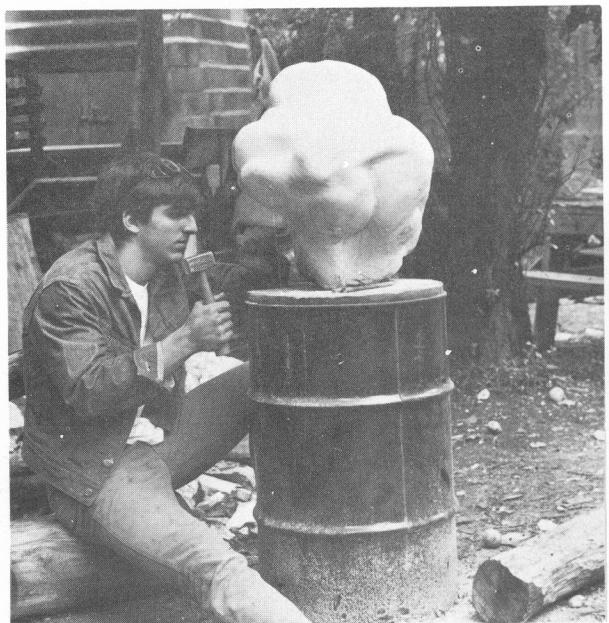
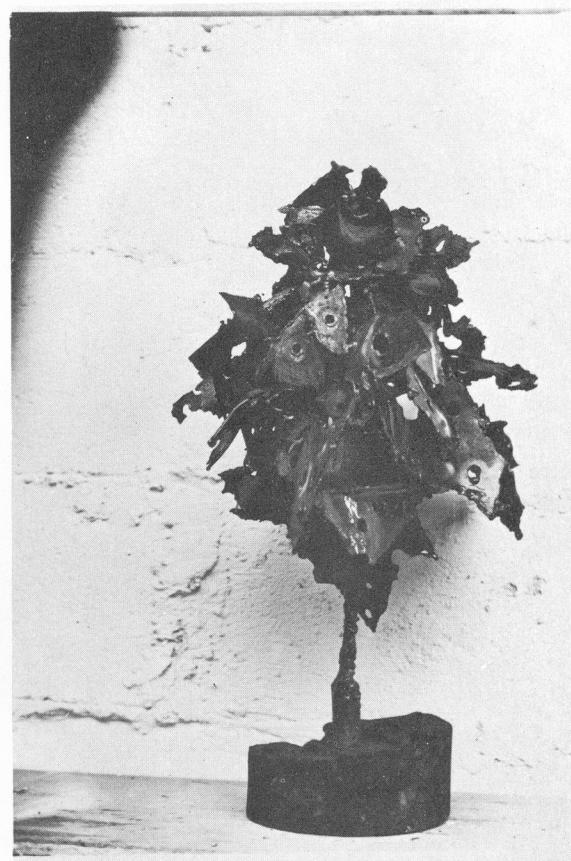
As I am the fisherman I am looking for
Colors shapes forms
As I plunge my rod in the masks of lakes
Not being one kind
As the world seems today ugly terrifying
Beautiful
Not only from sight
But from the heart with swimming things
Things that are so amazing
That how could he invent them--
Never in existence before.
As he sails his boat with empty
White canvas
Brushes
Turpentine
The fishing rod in his hand.

Yet these little things were hard to find
He stayed there all night
And not a thing on his rod--
Why, just yesterday he was observing laughing mocking
Such a simple task for he was a literary type
Out to prove the simple task of creating not copying
But
Did he fish up ugliness
Did he fish up beauty
Did he fish up any of the terrifying things of life?
Nope.
You didn't feel any of these things
You only saw them with your eyes
But did not register in the heart
--Even though he was a literary type
He had to practice it even though
He tried to practice the easy things.
He did not register and was not able to practice
As hard as he tried he couldn't...
...And then he saw a boat come by
With another fisherman inside asleep
But at the back of his head
Things were happening
Not as fully concentrated as the other guy
Yet lying down on his back he was catching
Shapes forms colors
That the other couldn't.

STEVE BRODKIN



Steve Brodkin



God isn't...

Fate isn't...

Universe has no...

Life isn't...

Death isn't...

Onions have no core...

Do they?

Raphael Bloomgarden

sometimes i cannot
try to find beauty in things
in which there is none

dick ehrlich



I am my own jailer
I moan to my own deaf ears
rattling my keys at my pacing.
Karen Rosenberg

karen rosenberg



HENRY SCHNEIDERMAN

funny, awkward kid with all those funny, awkward twitches and that funny, awkward walk and that kind of crazy-like hair... you know, you're alive, like I am, and you talk kind of crazy, but I guess it gives you the same pleasure and I guess you feel the same a lot and smile when you should---or do you just feel it--- and yet it kind of comes off different and it hits me all wrong.

Naomi Cohen

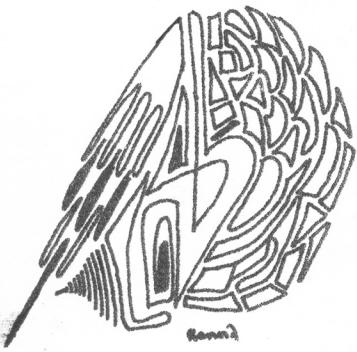
From Music into Poetry

One evening the creative writing class listened to a recording of Charles Ives' Symphony No. 4 and tried to capture through poetry what the composer had communicated through his music. Below are some of the results:

quiet secrets, open loudness,
shy modesty, apparent proudness,
flat spires, mute criers,
piercing egg yolks, marbled meat,
swirling swirls and sweeter sweets
are all standing and expanding
with the muggy cold.

Farrel Levy





hidden by ringing tambourines
mixed up notes
silent voices
life pulsates
sudden mood change brought about only by
the tension in the air
clashing chords
meaningless notes
bringing about frenzied emotion
somewhere behind --
television sounds click
and a stomach overturns...
in the quiet of the trees
i am reminded that there is still
noise
individuals appear sometimes -- very alone,
incoherent
all dwindle into background --
recall.
i grasp
for a drifting memory
fading fast
into new.

II

now
tired putter of car
a scream
or quick talk
in all its mixed-up tunes,
it was one with me for a
while.
now alone,
another dimension is lost
to time.

Naomi Cohen

Listening

My waking lazy-morning slashed
 into
scatter-flatter tweaky-scratch tense wire
 pulled
 into rounded ramble
ominous
 fear and consolation:
human voices swell-pulse. life-pulse pull
apprehensive:
 twitched staccato-plucked
voices Screaming traumas
 rumble roll in basso profundo
 basso
 basso
 basso-bosso
 basso-bosso-beat
 swell beat basso bosso
lift your head
what attacks? or do you?
are you cowering? or striding forward?

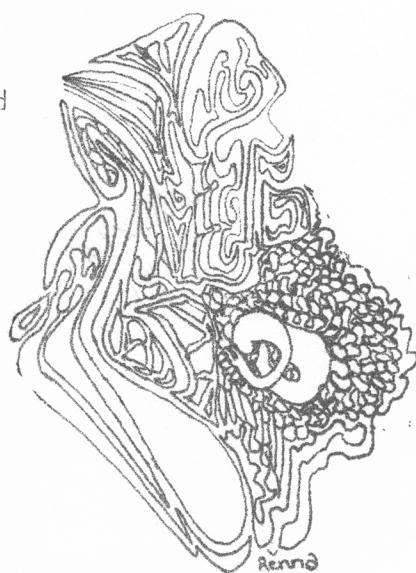
SPEAK. TELL ME NOW
Do you wake or sleep?

SELF! BE AWARE!

The sound of people speaking wraps me
into myself, binds me into myself as I shiver
to break loose boldly-slowly-fearfully
BOLDLY cautious: be still, the people are
dancing -- thunder, be still
wiggle your finger, touch, The thunder is
rumbling
 friction-heat here, now
PEOPLE, I am tumble-tossed
into thunder, into tinkling caresses

bell-like thoughts and lulling emotions
tumbled-tossed
 into myself
My waking is slashed into silence.
 where was the thunder? world
Child ... be still

Laurie Horn



Swoosh! A reindeer
With butterfly wings
Comes prancing
out of the
 clouded veil
of ribbon smoke
 throwing purple
into the choking wind
and a rainbow
 balances
between the calm.

As I walked along the street
 captive to
marshmallow minds
And cotton seedling hearts
 never reasoning
 why to burst,
 Smog swirling
around their itching fingers,
Out popped
 masses
of clanking lemon geese
 throwing long chains
in the burning air,
and bellowed bursts
 of terrifying, frozen
 tin blocks
on the sidewalks,
And the crickets sobbed.

by Lee Green and Carol Brodkin



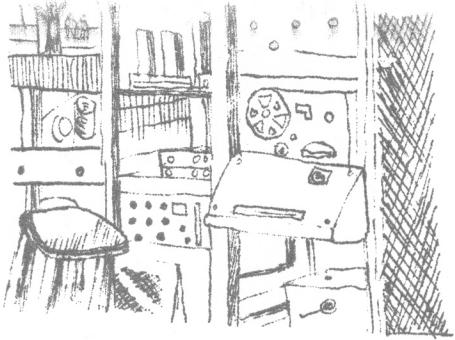
Martin Weiss

TWO TIMES through;
A carved eagle head
(Pack of lies)--
Seen through a window
At a distance
With silence
Motioning here, there
Tugging a little.
In time
I crush a puff
I slip a pack of Marlboros in your sleeve
I make a fan.
And love song Venezuela eats me many times.

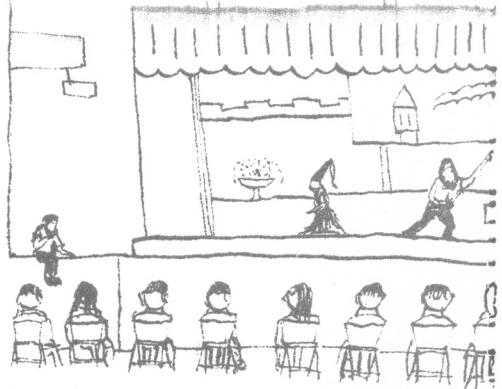
Martin Weiss

Where blind sorrow passes,
Erect a rose;
Brush the sleeping virgins from your eye,
And laugh;
Crush the narrow ripples of a song,
And smile;
Meditate in your bath.

Martin Weiss

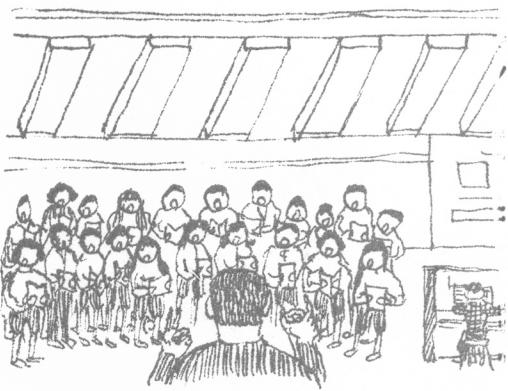


WBBC - "Brevity is the soul
of wit."
(Hamlet)



DRAMA - "It was...an excellent
play, well digested in
the scenes, set down
with as much modesty
as cunning."
(Hamlet)

"Oh, had I but"



SET CONSTRUCTION

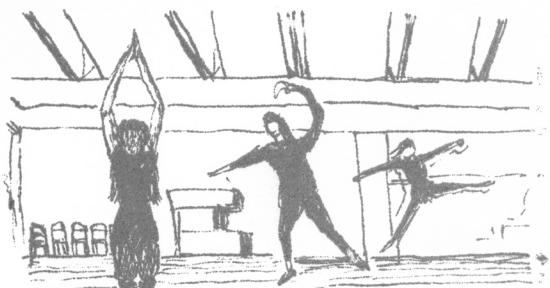
"This man, with lime and roughcast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did some lovers
sunder."



MARIONETTES - "Suit the action to the word,
The word to the action
(Hamlet)

MADRIGAL

"My tongue would
catch your tongue's
sweet melody."
(Romeo and Juliet)



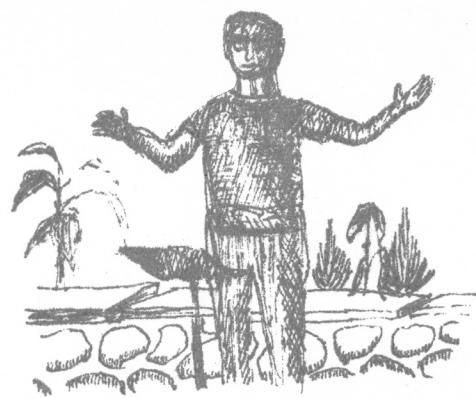
DANCE - "But shall we
make the welkin
dance, indeed?"
(Twelfth Night)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H



SOUND AND LIGHTING

"This lanthorn doth the horned moon present."
(Midsummer Night's Dream)



CHORUS - "And flights of
angels sing thee
to thy rest."

FOLLOWED THE AIRS."



ACTOR'S WORKSHOP

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you, trippingly
on the tongue."

(Hamlet)



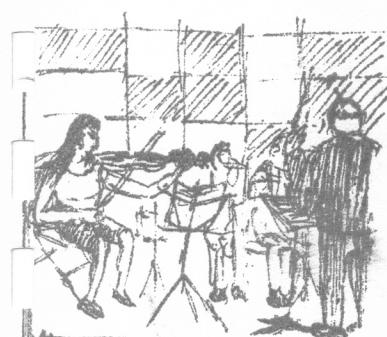
FOLK SINGING, GUITAR and BANJO

"Come sing, and you that will
not, hold your tongue."
(As You Like It)



COSTUMING

"For the apparel
oft proclaims
the man."
(Hamlet)



ORCHESTRA

"Untune that string
and hark, what
discord follows."
(Troilus and Cressida)

I unholy ritual

life
(unholy ritual)
carries on
even as you
cease.
the unending avalanche
tramples your past
and no more
remembered
and you never
were

II
the hammer of
now
breaks through
your shell
and un-whole
you
must now live
instead of being separate
from the
unholiness
of life

d. simon yohalem

I disguise
myself my masks are not
Pretty
if I expose
me mentally
it would mark
A total bruise
On all those
watching.

Some masks are pretty
but these
are made only
for my eyes.
If I should make public me
I might melt
and become the
wicked witch of the west.

Naomi Maier



Variations on a Thought

Before

That clump of grass

I saw it

Pushing, growing

Living, reaching

I saw behind it the force of life

Now it's lying

Sobbing, dying

I was really only away for a moment...

THERE IS NO REAL WORLD (got that?)

It's there, two dimensions of it

The depth from my mind

Completing but destroying.

You can add two and two

And two and two forever

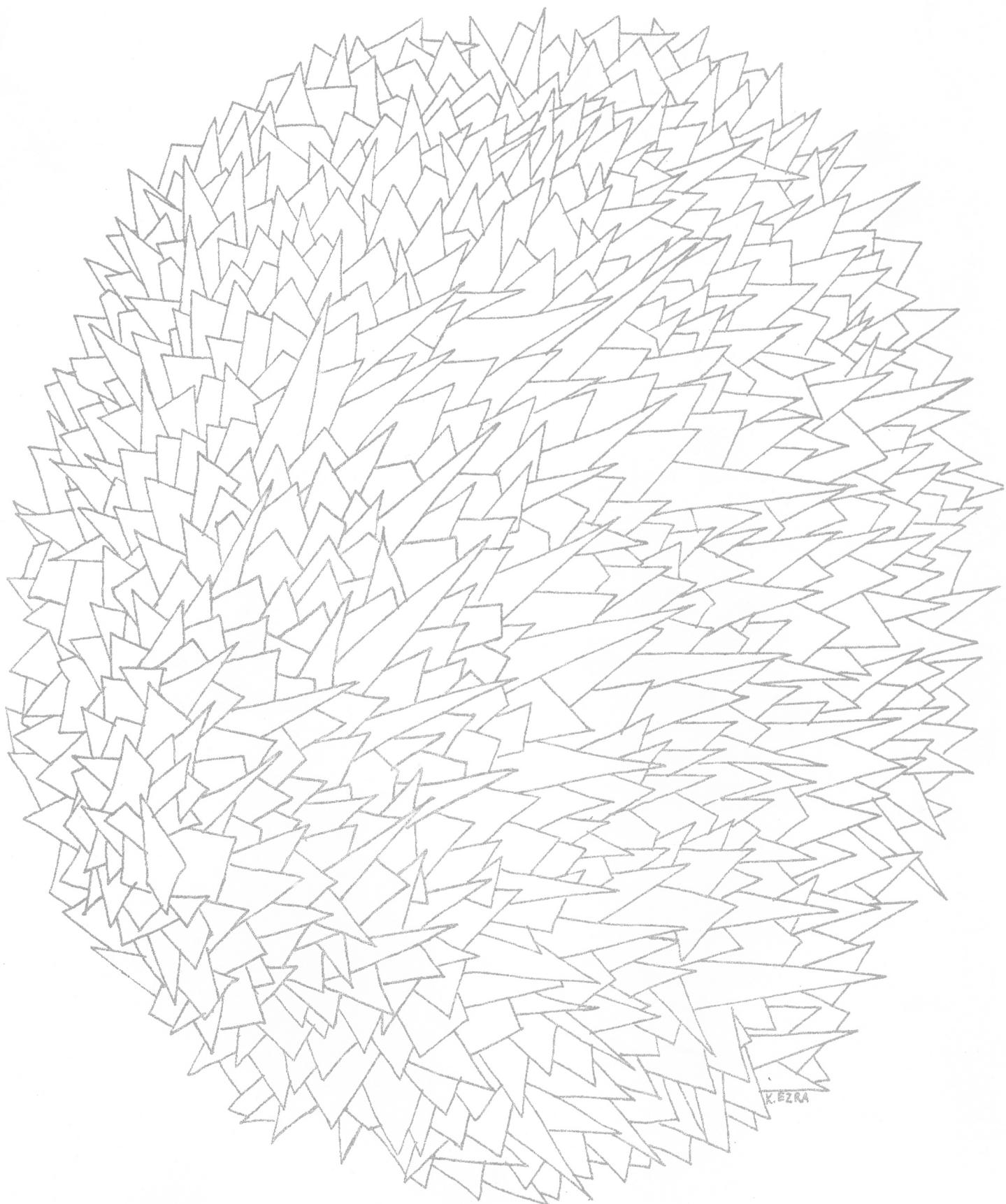
And it's even until you add

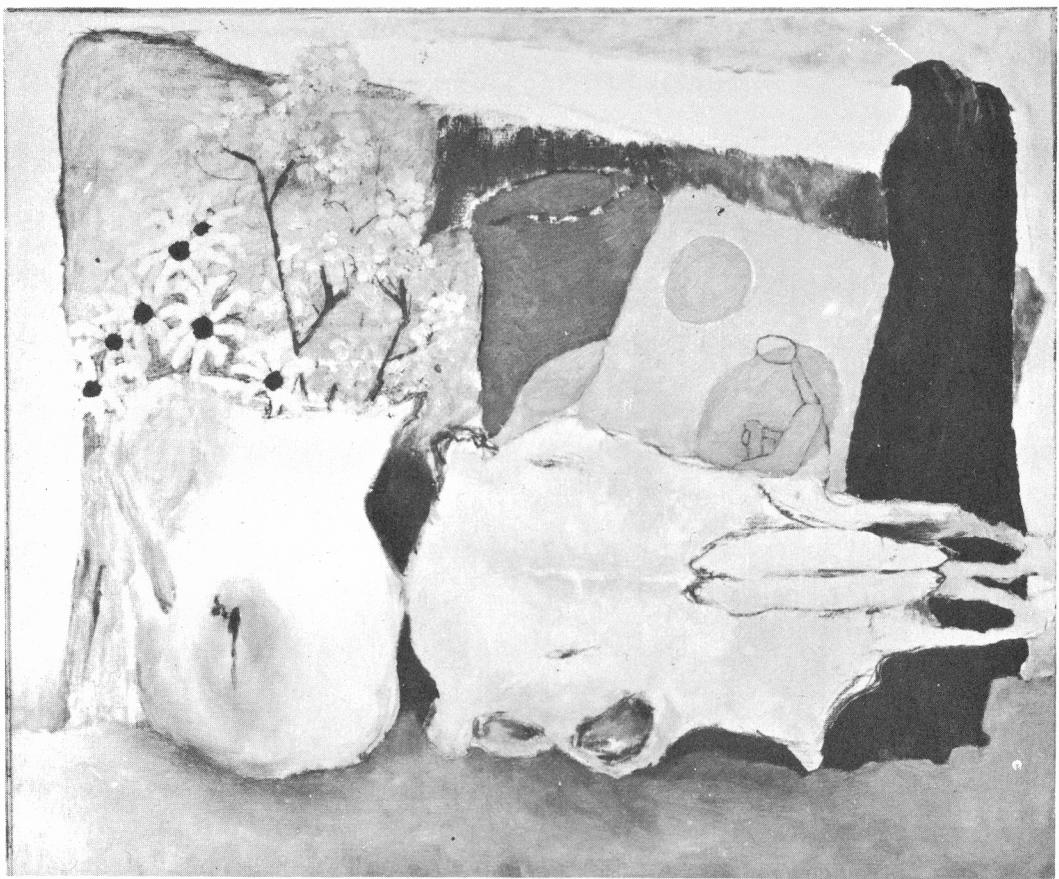
One more

And it's odd now and ruined

Despite all those even twos

Emmy Weiner





The Painting

a playlet by Betsy Schulz

Scene: A room, three walls, the fourth is missing (it is the one that opens for the audience). The walls are black, and hanging on the one facing the audience is a round hypnotist's wheel (a black and white swirly thing). There is a man (called Man) standing, relaxed and uninterested, watching it, but it has no apparent effect on him since it is not moving.

Man: (calmly) But what is it? I mean, why is it? Or rather, why is it?

Voice: (answering) It is a door. (The Voice has an echo behind it and its owner is unseen.) Watch it and the door will open for you.

The wheel starts to turn and the man starts to watch it. As he does, its rotations speed up and his body becomes involved with it; his head rotates and the rest of him follows.

Man: (dreamily) Where? Where are they? Why are they? Come back.

The wheel fades and colors light up the formerly empty walls. The colors are swirled and blurred, something like blurred paisley. Man moves as if looking for something that should be in the room but isn't. Girls and boys (children) enter, carrying colored clothes of a thin nylon-like texture.

Man: (slightly hysterical) Oh, there you are! I was looking for you. Come on, let's go.

The children start to run in a circular pattern, coinciding with the movement of the wheel which has started to turn slowly in the background. Then they suddenly drop to the floor and Man watches yet keeps on running.

Man: (still dancing) Why are you stopping? (Yelling) Come on, don't stop. Run, run. (He stops and kicks one of the children, then another. Talks to himself) They're all dead, damn them.

The colors then fade and darkness takes over. Man is seated on the floor; a woman enters. She is dressed in black and has very pale skin.

Lady: You are out of your mind, you know.

Man: Yes, I know. What can I do about it?

Lady: Very little actually. What you must do is try to accept things as they occur. And now that I've told you that, I must go, so I'll just sit here and watch you recover. She sits down on the side of the stage. Man stands up and sways while turning around to watch the wheel which has just recently come back into proper focus. He starts to move, violently, swaying and falling.

CURTAIN



Farrel Levy

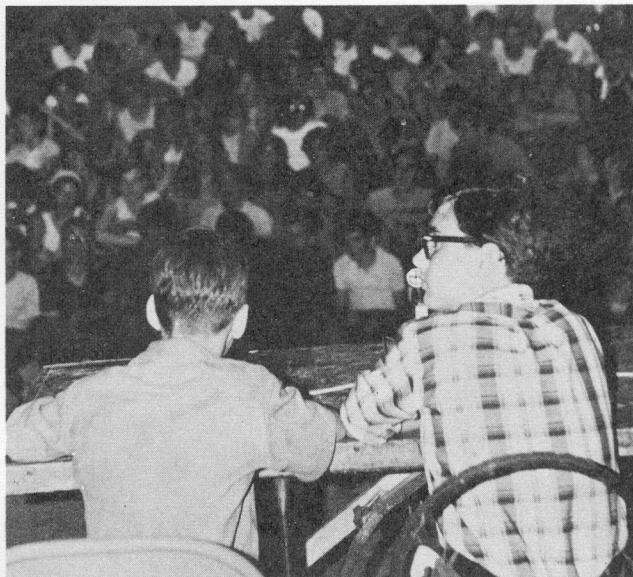
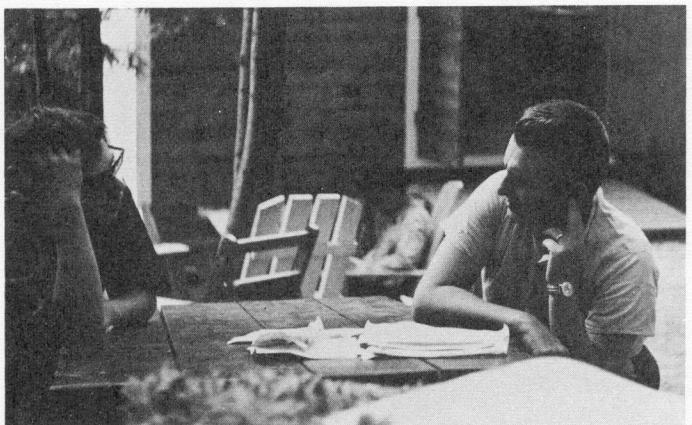
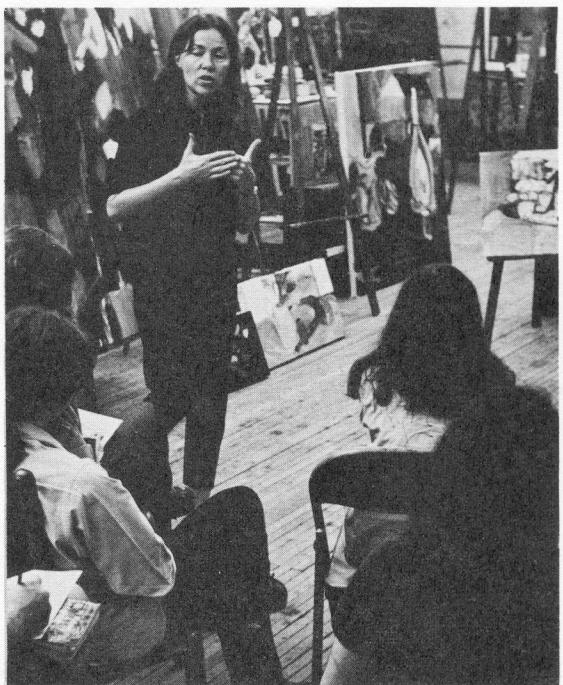
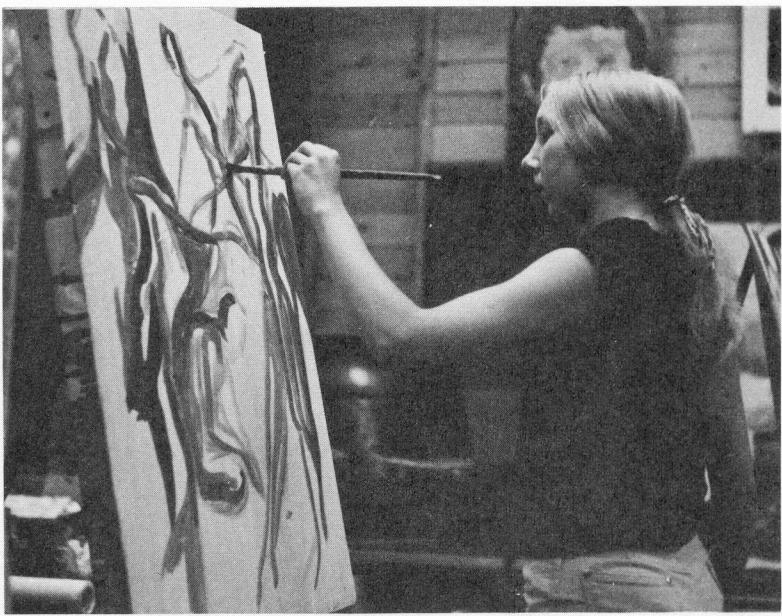
A crystal eye
A faded seal, a rubber stamp
A balmy wind or night
A terrible faceless rush
An onslaught

Would never still me from living in God
Looking at life with strong eyes open--
"I'm free," with my mouth.

Martin Weiss

To whom it has been decided,
You are the chosen few.
You have the gravest bodies.
It is your duty
To pick up linen on Sunday
To write hymnbooks
And to take baths.
The world is your thimble
Protecting you from pricks.
Guess what?
I can see you from behind the scrim.

Martin Weiss





strange, but a brain is
never the same if you look
into it two times



strange, but a brain is
never the same if you look
into it two times

change...

it goes on and on and

sometimes

I am frightened

by the very movement

when I would like

to lie still a pebble

tossed and blown

worn by wind and water

wind and water continue

ebb flow into eternity

forever changes re-examinations

people grow events are past

thoughts are forgotten but

there are new people

new thoughts new happenings

I inhale exhale and then

another and another breath

always change

as long as there is life

James E. Stuart



Electronic Excitement

There is something magical about how some people who knew nothing about electronics the first day are, by the end of camp, a storehouse of knowledge about the operation and construction of electronic equipment. For this they can thank the little shack near the tennis courts known as the Electronics Shop or KIPGQ.

Most of the excitement in the Electronics Shop is about the novice amateur radio course. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday prospective radio operators congregate in the already-too-small shack. The Morse Code is tapped all day, sample questions for the novice exam are perpetually repeated, and technical terms are flung about.

Various kits --- clock, a.m., and short-wave radios --- are in various stages of development. An amazing amount of knowledge is obtained through the construction of transmitters. The most gratifying experience is to turn the completed kit on and see it work.

People are always coming in to send radiograms to different parts of the United States and around the world. Usually, at about 4 p.m., Ira Klemons, the counselor of KIPGQ, goes on the air to pass the radiograms to other amateur radio operators. These pass them to the operator who is nearest the receiver, who in turn calls the person and reads him the message.

At the end of the summer everyone who worked in the shop comes away with a much greater knowledge of electronics. The highlight of the summer is the arrival of the novice exams. Some come away with their novice licenses; those who don't will come back and try again next year.

David Jaffee

The high priest came to see me—
In his linen cap and gown, he looked dead.

"Right me a wrong,
Level a wall,

Unleash the steaming seas." Unquietos al viento
I was not there then. At esos tiempos cuando yo no estaba allí

When he said just those words, los que solamente yo
I was in the grazing lands of heaven. yo dije

When his verdict came, que es cuando el juez dictó
I was perched on a cloud.

Before me, the deluge— el diluvio que iba a caer
Before me, the rain que iba a caer sobre mi

Which broke the treasonous dike of happiness. paseo
que iba a romperse

His belly showed above the folds, la falda al revés
His breast was high and bountiful, era muy generosa

The words came out quite easily, de pronto que salieron
A snicker in the monstrous jeer.

I could have looked into his eyes, que eran negros
I could have said some meaningful phrases, que daban

Of wisdom or touch but no good would it have done.
I lightly spoke of other things, que estaban

After only crying inside.

The change has come— el cambio ya viene que viene
I am tight as a drum. que está bien apretado

The words are there— que están allí que ya están
The figure swathed in silver spoons. que ya están

The message is there— que ya viene que ya viene
Watch out for Gods! que ya viene que ya viene

The spite is there— que ya viene que ya viene
But I am not.

For I have already flown away, que ya se ha ido que ya se ha ido
Gone to my cloud in the sky.

I suffer and run, and when it is done, que ya se ha ido que ya se ha ido
I sit on my bones and I scream.

Martin Weiss

The high priest came to see me—
In his linen cap and gown, he looked dead.

"Right me a wrong,
Level a wall,

Unleash the steaming seas." Unquietos al viento
I was not there then. At esos tiempos el viento

When he said just those words, los ojos solitarios el viento
I was in the grazing lands of heaven. yo soy el viento

When his verdict came, que yo soy el viento
I was perched on a cloud.

Before me, the deluge— el diluvio que yo soy el viento
Before me, the rain que yo soy el viento que yo soy el viento

Which broke the treasonous dike of happiness. que yo soy el viento
que yo soy el viento

His belly showed above the folds, que yo soy el viento
His breast was high and bountiful, que yo soy el viento

The words came out quite easily, que yo soy el viento
A snicker in the monstrous jeer.

I could have looked into his eyes, que yo soy el viento
I could have said some meaningful phrases. que yo soy el viento

Of wisdom or touch but no good would it have done.
I lightly spoke of other things, que yo soy el viento

After only crying inside. que yo soy el viento

The change has come— que yo soy el viento
I am tight as a drum. que yo soy el viento

The words are there— que yo soy el viento
The figure swathed in silver spoons. que yo soy el viento

The message is there— que yo soy el viento
Watch out for Gods! que yo soy el viento

The spite is there— que yo soy el viento
But I am not. que yo soy el viento

For I have already flown away, que yo soy el viento
Gone to my cloud in the sky. que yo soy el viento

I suffer and run, and when it is done, que yo soy el viento
I sit on my bones and I scream. que yo soy el viento

Martin Weiss



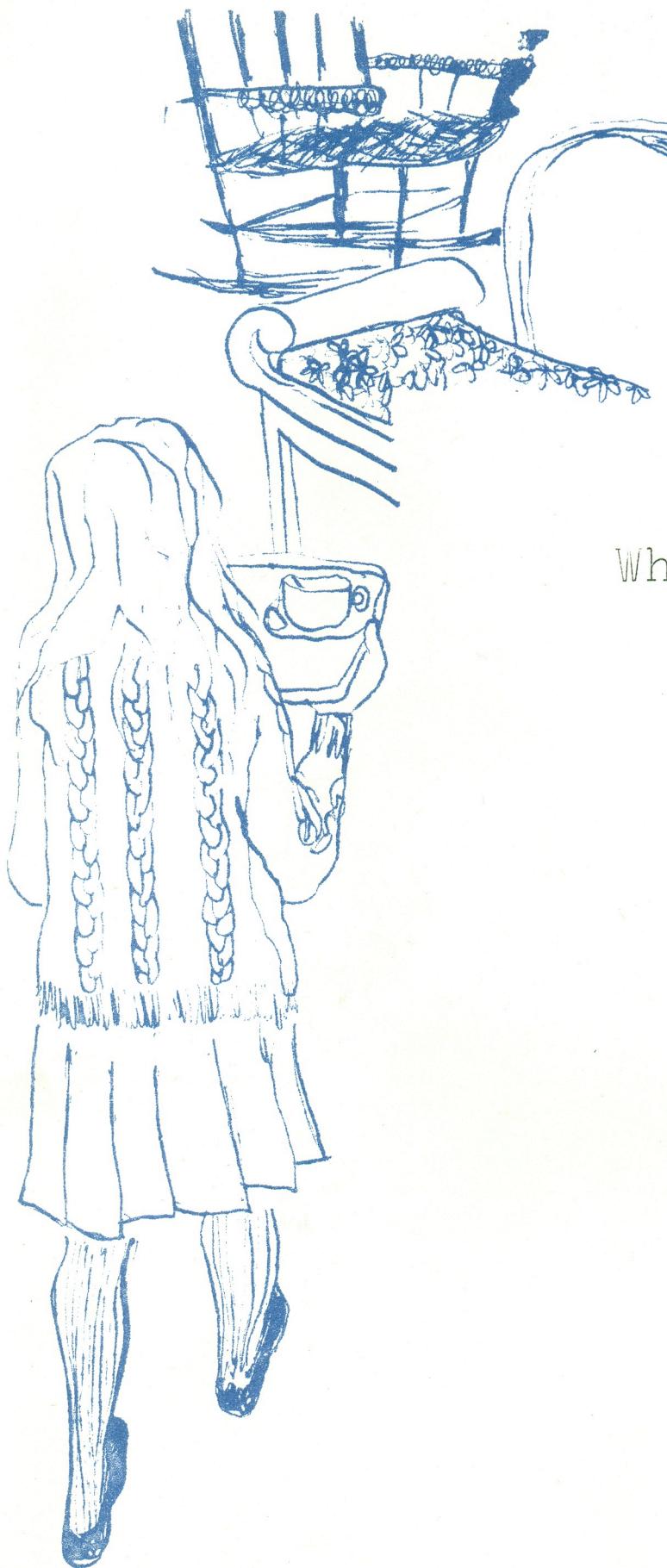
Remains of the Past

In my cocoon of winter and memories I was safe to grow and function uninhibited, viewing memories of the past summer's world. Within the secure bonds of my spun web, I knew my former world of grasses and towering trees and surrounding creatures. I remembered creeping along the early morning ground, a tiny, scraggly caterpillar, very much a part of this little world. I knew, somehow, that I was growing and changing in my web, but I felt that whatever was developing would make me more comfortable when I returned to the world where the sky was so unreachable, the world of rocks and pebbles and leaves where I had been content.

And when I emerged from my cocoon, my binding covering of winter, into the fresh summer, I found suddenly that the world which my caterpillar self had known the summer before was almost non-existent. The trees that had been but parts of my view were now my world. Although I expected them to welcome me back from the city, they couldn't. They didn't recognize me; they hardly knew me.

Taken aback, I retreated into my broken cocoon and huddled there for a while. I stared longingly at the grasses below that had seemed so much a part of me the summer before. They had been so much my size then, but now they were only a mass. And yet I knew that this was the same world, and that once I decided to pull myself from the remains of the past - the pleasures I had had in belonging to it the summer before would be mine again.

Naomi Cohen



When the Sun Shines

a short story by Jo Ann Clurman

Kathy stared at the cut on her finger. It hadn't hurt much, but she was very annoyed by it. She glared at the knife and the half-cut grapefruit on the cutting board. She walked over to the medicine chest for a band-aid, but when she opened the chest, she couldn't find any. Now she would have to go down to the drugstore to get some. She slipped into a shabby, dirty shift and walked over to the money jar. Slowly, she counted the change, "Seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four cents." She took some of the change, then walked out into the hall and down the rotting stairs. Each step made a sound as she put pressure on it. As she was walking, she noticed a small animal crawl out of a crack and across the steps. It was a young rat. Kathy winced slightly, even though she was used to them. She had lived with them for fifteen years. At the bottom of the stairs a small blond boy was sitting. He was about nine years old. He was very dirty and his eyes had a wide-open, far-away look to them; like he was looking at something, but not really seeing it.



Farrel Levy

"Hiya, Jimmy."

"Hiya, Kath. How's things?"

"Oh, okay, I suppose. Cut my finger though and I gotta go get some band-aids. How's your grandma?"

"I dunno. She still won't let me in her room."

"Same thing, huh?"

"Yeah. Same."

"Hey, listen, diya wanna come to the store with me?"

"I dunno, Kath."

"Oh, come on. Hey, listen, maybe we can even bring your grandma back something, like some fruit, come on."

"Oh, okay."

They started walking down the block. As they approached the store, Kathy noticed a tall, dark figure coming toward her and realized it was her brother.

"What the hell are you doing out here? I told you to clean up the house."

"The house is all clean."

"Oh, is it, huh? I thought I told you to wait inside until I got back."

"Yeah, well I cut my finger. I'm gonna get a band-aid."

"Godammit, can't you do anything right? It's bad enough looking after you day in and day out since your mother died. Do you realize that I could do without you on my neck all the time? Well, now that you're out, stay out. I'm having some friends over and I don't want you around."

He started walking away, calling back over his shoulder, "Don't come back before nine or I'll beat the hell out of you."

Kathy stood on the sidewalk looking down at her feet. It was almost five now. She wished she would never have to return to that dump. Suddenly she turned back to Jim, "Come on, let's get that fruit, huh, come on."

"Okay, let's go."

They walked up to the house and up the stairs. The door to the apartment was open. They walked in the house and looked around. It was a small, dirty, two-room apartment, identical to Kathy's. It had a very odd odor about it. The door to Jimmy's grandmother's room was shut. They walked over and Kathy knocked.

"Mrs. Rose, can we come in? It's me and Jimmy."

No answer.

"I tol...," Jimmy started to say.

"Yeah. I know what you told me."

She tried the door and it was open. They walked in. On the one bed in the room lay the old woman. Her face was wrinkled and tired-looking. Her eyes

were shut and she lay perfectly still.

"Hello, Mrs. Rose. We brought you some fruit. It's nice and fresh. Do you want it?"

There was no answer.

Kathy tried again. "Are you feeling any better?"

Suddenly she stopped. She had noticed that the odor she had smelled before was very strong in this particular room. She stood perfectly still and listened. A certain sound was absent from the room. Then Kathy realized that the old woman wasn't breathing. No telling how long she had been lying there. Jimmy realized what had happened also. He looked at Kathy and she at him, "Come on," she said, "Let's get out of here."

She dropped the grapes on the floor and grabbed his hand. He followed willingly. He knew where she was going, but he wasn't quite sure why. They started walking back out of town and into the open fields. They walked until they came to a range of hills. Then they started climbing one. This was their favorite spot to talk and be alone; this time they were going up for a different reason. When they got up to the top, they sat down to rest. Kathy knew what she was doing. She had once told Jimmy about it and he knew also. Kathy said she always wanted to be where the sun shines, but she never could find the spot where it did. She always looked, but the sun shined less and less the more she looked. She had told Jimmy that sometime they would look in one last spot because she was sure that they could find it there. Jimmy was sure also. Kathy could tell by

looking at him. They stood up and walked to the edge of a big rock. Kathy looked down. The drop was a steep one. "Okay," she said to Jimmy.

"Okay," he replied.

Slowly she moved her hands towards him and gave him a shove. He went over the side without making a sound. Then she did the same.

Jo Ann Clurman

Martin Weiss



at night

when

furies cry at you

in dead king's white

and holy bloody grey,

fevered screams from ones so long entombed

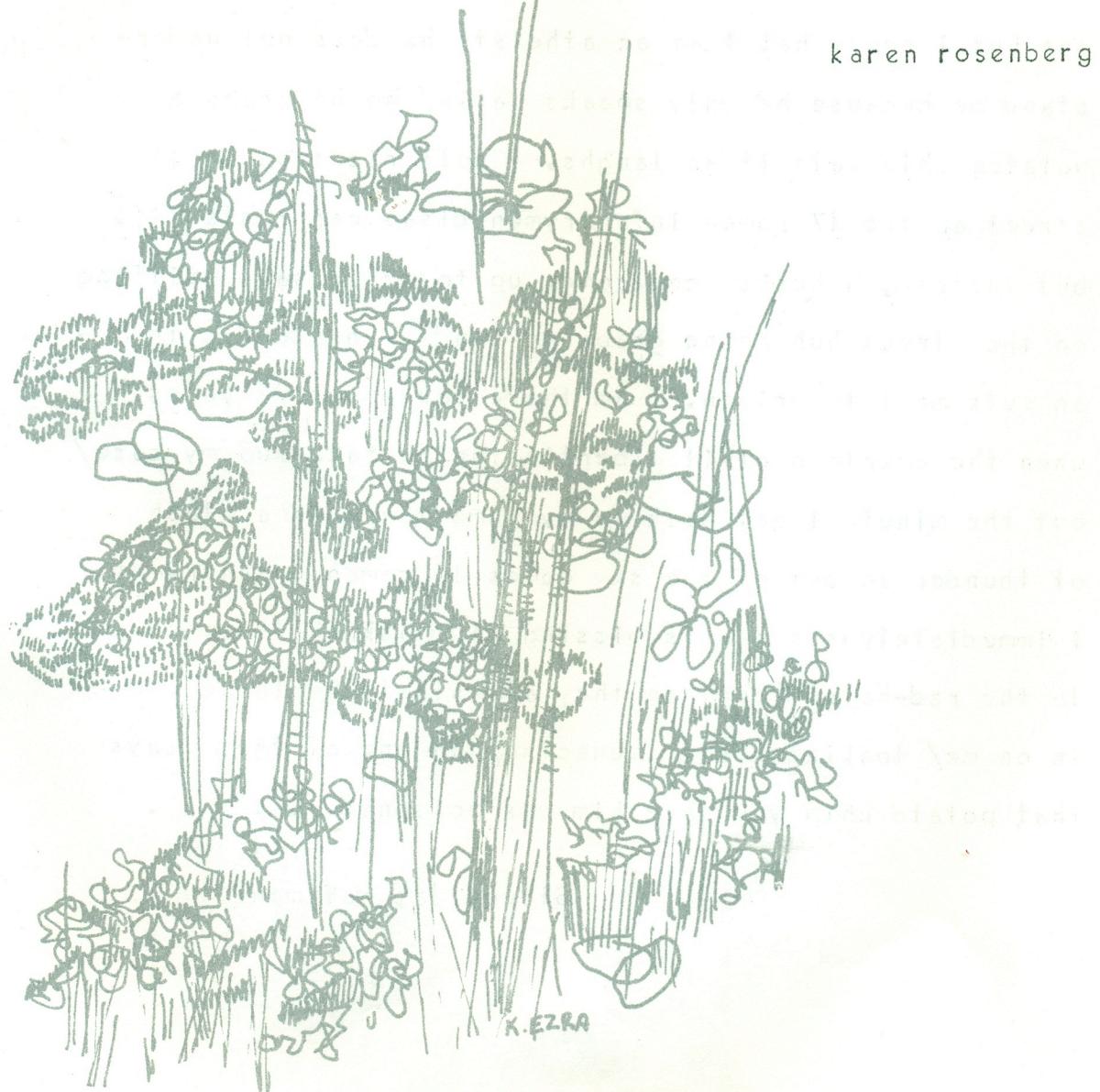
with dawn

they moan

and shuffle back to

chasms of my soul

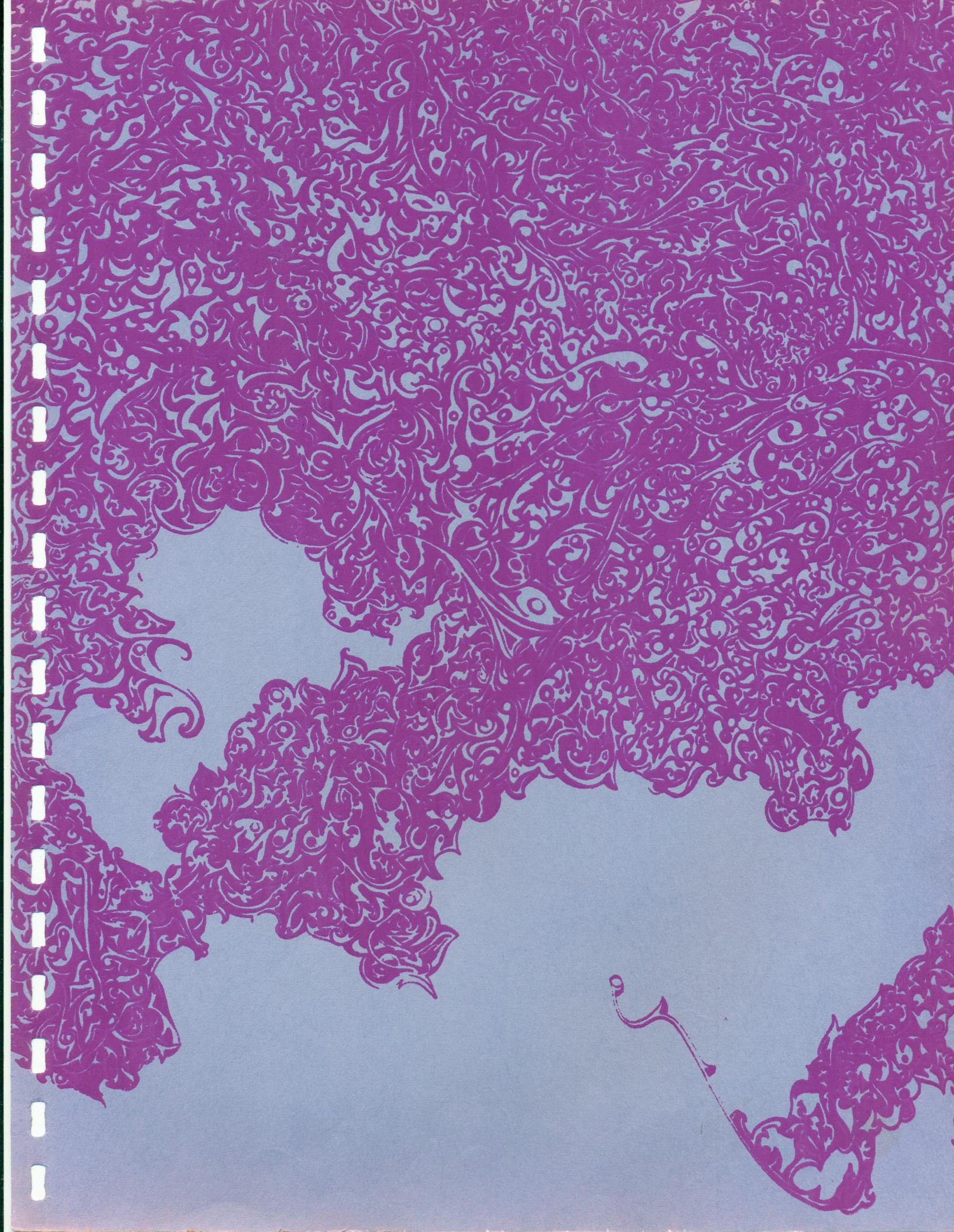
karen rosenberg



hung up revisited

i am placidly eating a potato chip when suddenly there is a clash of thunder an out of the sky come 17 roman infantrymen an one of them with red hair grabs the book i am reading/ intern by doctor x/ an says books? books? books are for idiots an i get kind a scared cuz i recognize one of the infantrymen as a long lost uncle. the wrath of the gods will be upon you cries the red-haired one but i reply ha! i am an atheist/ he does not understand me because he only speaks latin/ so he grabs a potatoe chip eats it an laughs. i spit right on to the street an the 17 roman infantrymen disappear instantly. but instead, a husky cop comes up to me an says spitting on the street huh an he grabs my hands - handcuffs them - an puts me into prison. i am there for about 98 years when the american civil liberties union takes up my case/ but the minute i get back to my home there is a clash of thunder an out of the sky comes 16 roman infantrymen. i immediately see who is missing an i ask what happened to the red-haired one? an they all slowly begin to close in on me/ looking really menacing/ an one of them says that potato chip you gave him was poisoned.

Steven Jay Hoffman



MMXVII - MCMLXVI = XLIX (B.C.)

"Mr. Kleinman, how old are you?"

"2017," replied Mark in his slurred speech, and my name is 'Marshmallow'."

"All right, then, Marshmallow, could you tell me the story of your life?"

"I was born in...uhhh...!! I need a pencil and paper... MMXVII minus MCMLXVI equals XLIX (B.C.)... ah, here it is, 49 B.C.

"When I was little my I.Q. was higher than the sum of all the I.Q.'s in the world. Everyone thought I was crazy, so they sent me to Argentina and I lived there for 1,000 years. I waited until the world's I.Q. caught up to mine. Then I moved to Forest Hills and I've lived there for the past thousand years or so. Do you want me to speak a little Spanish for you?"

"What was your favorite moment in history?

"When Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. Being a marshmallow, I identified tremendously with her."

"Did you have any famous ancestors?"

"Yes. There was King Marshmallow, Eddy Poe, and Hank VIII."

"Do you fear anything?"

"Yes, I live in constant fear of being toasted."

"Did you have any childhood idols?"

"I used to like Mighty Mouse."

"Was there a Mighty Mouse 2017 years ago?"

"He used to go around in a toga."

"When do you expect to die?"

"Never. I'm internal."

"Did you ever write any books?"

"I wrote an English dictionary when I was young. But 2017 years ago no one could understand it. Those idiots didn't even speak English. I got bored with the idea and about 150 years ago I sold it to Noah for two dollars."

"Do you have any words for the future marshmallows of the world?"

"Stay away from fire, 'May you live a hundred years/ may you drink a hundred beers....'"

Matthew Leeds



Fanel Levy

Dimensions

Seven feet high of pitch black wood
Three feet wide of inescapable end
With doorknob of inevitability
With merciless latch
With solemn shellac
And overpowering hinge
Gate, divider, separation.

One foot high of pudgy nonsense
Half foot wide of wonderment
Oblivious of all barriers
The soft and innocent baby.

Four feet tall of excess energy
One foot wide of tousled hair
The young child, dependent on home
Hearing things without comprehension.

Five feet five of rebellion
One foot wide of independence
Long hair and lanky figure
But obeying and dependent
Accepting few barriers
Learning separation.

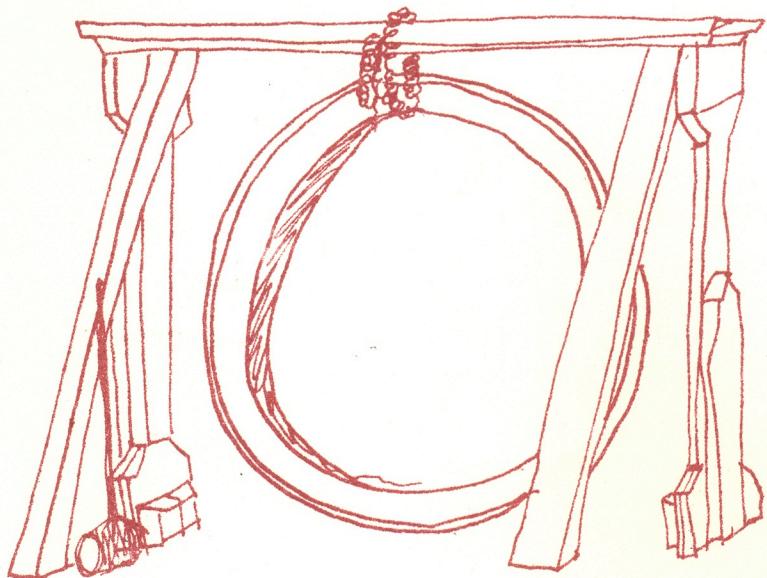
Six feet tall of responsibility
Two feet wide of routine life
Adult with business suit
Briefcase and steady job
Accepting, regretting, approaching.

Five feet ten of life's memories
One foot wide of others' happiness
With white hair
With faltering step
Fighting the inevitable...

It comes as the door opens
Unwilling, man is drawn
Into absence of noise
Absence of light
A land of nothing.

Raphael Bloomgarden

"Nor Mars his sword nor

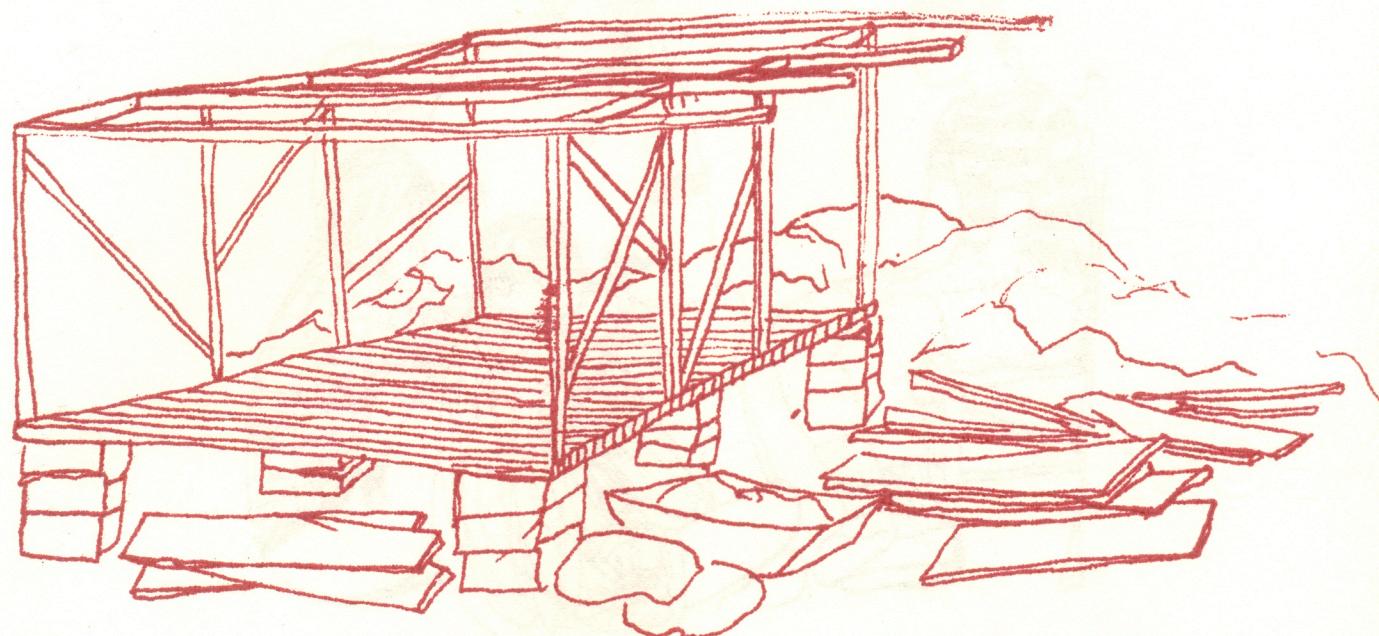


"It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

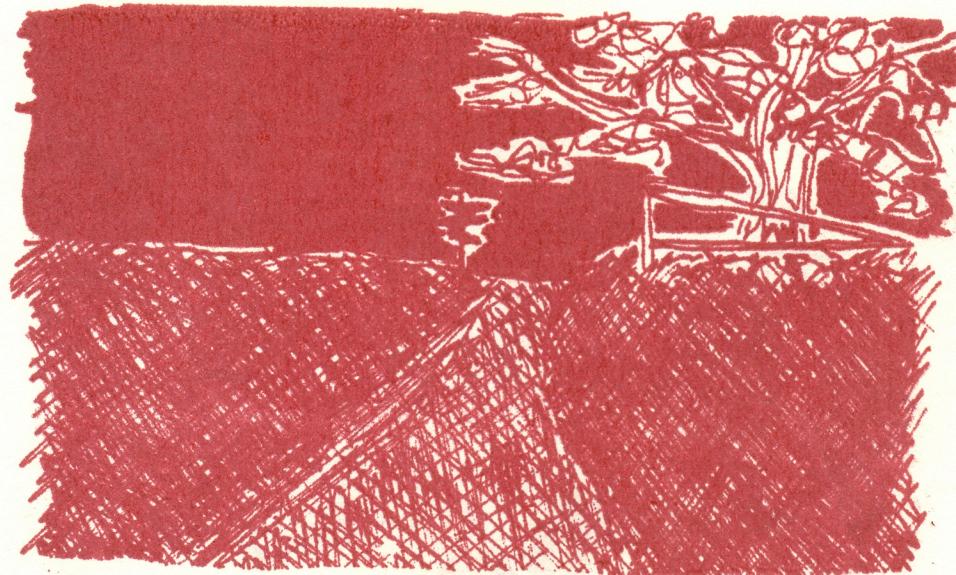


"Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end."

WAR'S QUICK FIRE SHALL BURN



"Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang."



"Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired."

The LIVING RECORD OF YOUR MEMORY"



"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountaintops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."



"Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer...."

A SECOND COMING?

DIED --- Lampoon, summer of 1966,
10 years old, beloved
Buck's Rock publication,
cherished son of Lou,
devoted brother to all
Print Shop workers, dear
grandson of Reader's In-
digestion, Buck's Rock
Coloring Boo..., and
others.

Lampoon was born one glorious
summer as a publication which im-
mortalized life at Buck's Rock.
It lived to the very impressive
age of ten, when it met with its
entirely unforgiveable and un-
timely death.

One fatal day outside the Print
Shop an evil group of campers
gathered and plotted the assassi-
nation of the innocent and unsus-
pecting Lampoon. What was their
fiendish murder scheme? How was
the terrible plot to be carried
out? Very simply. The conspi-
rators, with blank expressions on
their faces, suggested unworthy
ideas for the publication. And
then, dear reader, without a de-
cent idea, Lampoon slowly wi-
thered away and died.

Will this be the end? Will
Lampoon soar over New Milford no
more? Let us hope not. While
in mourning for the death of this
year's Lampoon, let us learn from
the mistakes of the past. Let us
prepare for the second coming.
Let us vow that Lampoon will return
from heaven in '67. Selah.

Rosalyn Cowit

The Summer Ends

This has been a kaleidoscopic summer, a summer of light and dark colors, some shining brightly, others appearing dimly. There have been large rectangles and microscopic circles. When we put them together, we often formed beautiful designs; at other times, the colors did not match. However, whether the pattern was successful or not, it was a new pattern belonging only to our kaleidoscope.

Drama played a major role at Buck's Rock this summer. The theatre, again directed by Bill Korff, produced four shows. The first, Ondine, was a romantic fantasy dealing with a beautiful supernatural being. The second was a dramatic revue, Dos Passos' U.S.A. It told of life in America from 1900-1929. Two one-act plays, No Why and The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love, were presented next. The former was a shocking drama; the latter, a wild and witty satire. The festival play was Tiger at the Gates, a study of the reasons for war and their validity, using the Trojan War as an example. For the first time, the Actors' Workshop, headed by Mike Goldfarb, produced two one-act plays, This Property is Condemned and Not Enough Rope, which were presented to the campers on August 18. The CIT's also contributed to the drama at camp this year by producing two short plays, Sandbox and 101. A musical, The Fantasticks, was successfully performed by the counselors. The Silly Billy Players--Bob Vogel, Fran Spitz, Winnie Rosen, and Mike Goldfarb--presented an informal reading of Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Momma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad.

The music department had a particularly successful year, beginning with a Music Happening July 10. The concert in New Milford, featuring performances by the orchestra, chorus, madrigal and folksinging groups, was one of the best in the camp's history. There was the annual concert over Danbury radio station WLAD and a madrigal concert at the Episcopal Church. The folkdance group also performed out of camp. One of the highlights of the camp year was Dance Night, directed by Muriel Manings.

The emphasis on movies this year seemed to be on the

old classics. We saw Les Miserables, based on Victor Hugo's novel; The Big Store, a Marx Brothers comedy; The Search, a tale of a Czech mother looking for her son after World War II; one of the earliest greats, All Quiet on the Western Front; The Treasure of Sierra Madre, with Humphrey Bogart; Citizen Kane, a study of a controversial man; and a recent film about a plot to overthrow the American government, Seven Days in May.

The annual trip to Tanglewood took place on July 24. The campers heard Eric Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. August 4 was the date of the trip to Stratford to see Julius Caesar. Campers also went on other excursions. The Art Shop organized trips to the Larry Aldrich Museum, Yale University, and other places of interest to artists; the Sculpture Shop had trips to sculpture exhibits. There was a WBBC trip to WLAD. Many campers went to the Litchfield Horse Show and the animal auction. Creative writers went on an outing to Lake Waramaug and the Science Lab conducted a field trip to Mt. Tom among other places.

The guests this summer have been many and varied. On July 19, Winnie Winston performed for us, playing guitar and banjo. One week later, Amy Kesselman told about the sit-in at CCNY protesting the draft. Lou Gilbert, grandfather in Juliet of the Spirits, visited camp on August 2 to talk to the members of the Actors' Workshop and to all other campers. "A Scientist Looks at the Population Explosion" was the lecture given by Jerry Berger. D.H. La rence, a professor at New York University, read and discussed modern Negro poetry. On August 20, Dean Rosenthal talked to us on college entrance requirements. Three days later, the famous blues singer, Len Chandler, performed at camp.

There were two major forums, led by Terry Parssinen. The first was on black power and civil rights and featured a panel of campers, while the second, a Vietnam debate, had two panelists--Zach Bloomgarden, who supported the administration's policy, and guest speaker, Irving Pet-

lin, who dissented.

The Baraniks conducted modern art discussions on pop and op, abstract expressionism, realism, Picasso, and modern sculpture. Psychology seminars covering man and animals, parent-teen relations, heredity and environment, and the psychology of a dictatorship were led by Ernst, and Bob Vogel conducted sociology seminars on the violent gangs. Before the trip to Stratford, Jim Slater and Carol Parssinen held seminars on the play Julius Caesar. Poetry, folk music, and fiction seminars were also held this summer. Lou Simon again conducted creative writing classes and Jon Rose gave poetry readings. Classes were also given in auto mechanics, dance, ham radio operating, ceramics, and other subjects.

Once again the Buck's Rock Bowl was held with Terry Parssinen as the moderator. The CIT's won all three bowls, twice against the campers' team and once against the JC's. Terry also headed WBBC. Our camp station this year had fewer forums and more music, including classical, folk, pop, and rock.

Buck's Rock had a particularly successful year in sports. Under Ira Weiss, our Varsity softball team had a record (as of August 18) of 6 wins and 2 losses, while the Junior Varsity went undefeated for six games. In the Watermelon League, Babirusa came in first during the first four weeks, and Kinkajou topped the league in the second half. Bob Vogel's tennis team played against Berkshire, Kent, Keneco, Kenwood, and Geer Mountain, to compile a record of 7 wins against only 1 loss (against Berkshire).

The Capable Construction Crew, headed by Arnie Zlotoff, added two major buildings to Buck's Rock. A new Weaving Shop and Library were constructed during the first half of the summer, and a music shed was begun during the month of August. The diggings, another type of construction, completed the amphitheatre seats, to make our stage the third largest amphitheatre in Connecticut.

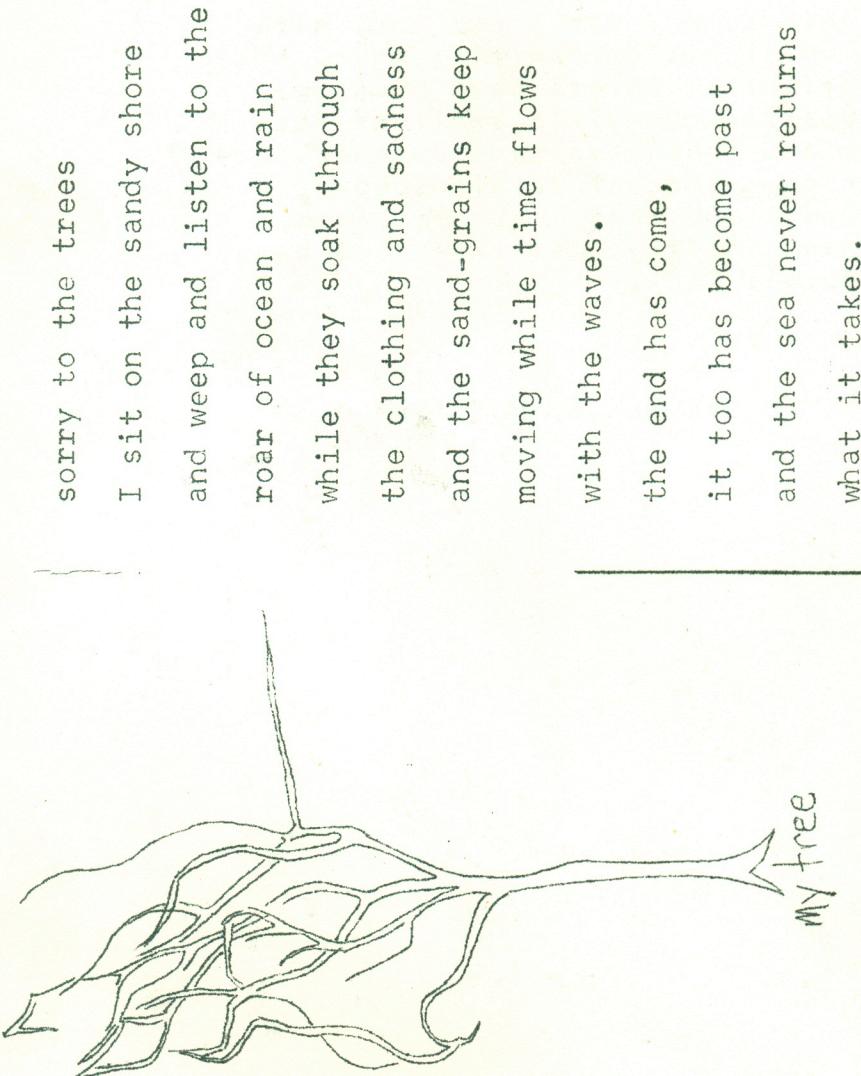
Changes took place in many other shops. The new Art

Shop, constructed last year and now under May and Rudolf Baranik's supervision, opened with a mammoth Happening. During the summer, the type of art produced came as a surprise, for it was generally more realistic than abstract. The Ceramics Shop concentrated on Japanese methods, including raku. Rob Gerstein's Marionette Shop, in its second year, for the first time put on a production, a fairy tale entitled The Terrible Head.

The kaleidoscope of this summer was a new one, with strange designs popping up alongside familiar ones. Here the largest pieces and brightest colors have been described, but it is the smaller geometric sections that make up the kaleidoscope and that have made up this summer. But in each of our own personal kaleidoscopes, each small piece and every minute movement make an immense difference. It is our own exclusive patterns that have made up this summer at Buck's Rock.

Steven Jay Hoffman

though the bitter sorrow
pierces the flowing speed
at which we move through time,
I know the tide of pain shall
recede back into the night-sleep
memory of mind.



Looks back in golden warm as honey
summer days the mirror-memory
while the glasses cloggs the look-
ing glass
and it cannot see to
speak whole truth
I find that winter's
cold has numbed the pain,
and no longer mourn that
but instead wait the
green-budding new beginning.

The sea pounds on rocky sands below
washing the life sands away
I stand on the dunes above and watch,
while grass-knives blow and whip
and tie me down to the windy-cold spot
I cannot leave,
the sea shall drown me.

The sea spins
outward
from the center
and there I dwell
alone

by Betsy Schulz



"And I feel like..."

It'll all be over in a few days and I can go back to Eastchester. I can go back, and no one will bother me to write articles and rewrite my poetry and try to understand Dylan Thomas. I won't have to have interesting conversations or defend my point of view or clarify it to myself before I can defend it. There won't be the temptation of trying out for a part which somebody else will get, or the romance of learning to throw a bowl. And there won't be the frustration of loads of interesting people who aren't interested in me. I can go back to talk on the phone for hours, to diagram sentences, and memorize Gray's "Elegy." I can go back and go to Carnegie Hall and get in free during intermission and be in school clothes carrying books when they're all dressed up. I can go back to school and be that nutty girl, and hop and skip and wear buttons to keep up the reputation. It'll all be over in a few days. Did you know that the Kadish is a prayer in praise of God?

Emmy Weiner

"And I feel like..."

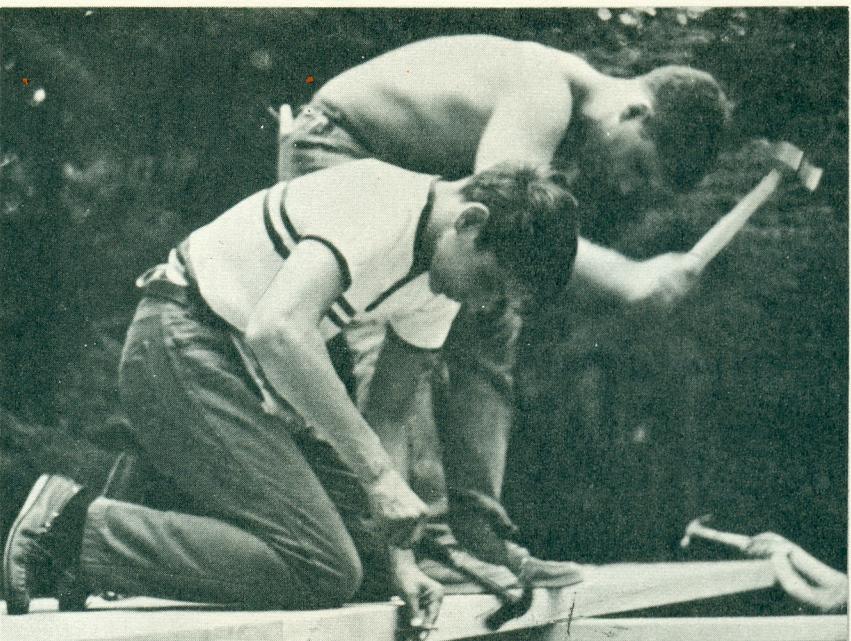
It'll all be over in a few days and I can go back to Eastchester. I can go back, and no one will bother me to write articles and rewrite my poetry and try to understand Dylan Thomas. I won't have to have interesting conversations or defend my point of view or clarify it to myself before I can defend it. There won't be the temptation of trying out for a part which somebody else will get, or the romance of learning to throw a bowl. And there won't be the frustration of loads of interesting people who aren't interested in me. I can go back to talk on the phone for hours, to diagram sentences, and memorize Gray's "Elegy." I can go back and go to Carnegie Hall and get in free during intermission and be in school clothes carrying books when they're all dressed up. I can go back to school and be that nutty girl, and hop and skip and wear buttons to keep up the reputation. It'll all be over in a few days. Did you know that the Kadish is a prayer in praise of God?

Emmy Weiner



i realize that i
will cry when i
have to leave
bucks rock and i
will not be able
to restrain myself
i will cry for the
silent memories of
a beautiful summer
i will cry for the
dreams never carried
through and
the dreams which did
not ever leave the
womb of my mind i
will cry for the
friendships which
were nurtured along
silently, timidly
i will cry with
the knowledge of
the fact that i will
have to return soon...
too soon, to a world
of which i do not like to
consider myself a part
a world of a bland
society heavily listing
to port to a world of
secrets told and never
kept to a world of
misery and ignorant
happiness, of love and
pointless hate, of useless-
ness encircled by social-
responsibility. i am in
the gates of eden now
i do not want to leave

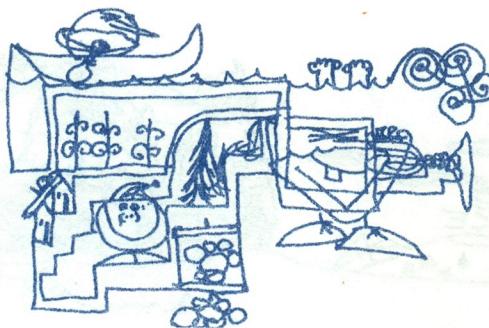
dick ehrlich





BUCK'S ROCK DIRECTORY

BOYS



Richard Abrams
Peter Ader
Mitchell Adler
Tom Avchen

Bayne Street
39 Cross Highway
533 Benine Road
4 Bellevue Ave

Norwalk Conn
Westport Conn
Westbury NY
Rumson NJ

847-8305 5-6
227-7414 2-1
ED3-1871 9-15
842-2630 5-26

Paul Berkowitz
Donald Berry
Douglas Binder
David Bloomfield
Raphael Bloomgarden
Eric Blumberg
Steven Brodkin
Andre Brooks
Noah Brownstein
Robert Buchalter
Karl Buchberg
Andrew Burstein
Robert Burstein

341 1 U Willets Rd
85-26 - 210 St
80-41 - 215 St
551 E Shore Rd
114 Sutton Manor
780 West End Ave
5533 King Edward
235 E Mt Eden Ave
15-34 - 212 St
112 Bengeyfield Dr
Farm Road
1 Oriole Place
1 Oriole Place

Roslyn Hgts NY 11577 MAI-5899 1-8
Jamaica NY 11427 SP6-4580 11-24
Queens Vlge NY 11427 HO4-8790 9-9
Great Neck NY 11024 HUT-8167 2-19
New Rochelle NY BE5-0044 2-7
New York NY 10025 MO3-4624 1-2
Cote St Luc Que Cana 489-6428 3-8
Bronx NY 10457 CY9-1084 12-22
Bayside NY FAI-3793 5-21
E Williston NY 11596 PI2-4381 8-21
Ardsley NY 10502 OW3-5220 4-18
Port Chester NY WE7-4527 6-16
Port Chester NY WE7-4527 7-13

Andy Chaber
Bernard Charles
Fred Citron

1443 Pawnee Rd
109 Old Nyack Tpk
7 Toni Place

North Brunswick NJ K15-0907 3-14
Spring Valley NY E16-3664 11-9
Plainview NY WE1-4314 11-8

David Deifik
Peter Dolid

75-26 - 189 St
10 Oaks Hunt Rd

Flushing NY 11366
Great Neck NY 11020

SP6-1608 6-30
HUT-6708 3-19

Lenn Edelstein
Richard Ehrlich
Peter Estern

1862 Leonard Lane
15 Park Road
82 Remsen St

Merrick NY 11566
Scarsdale NY
Brooklyn NY 11201

TN8-9645 4-1
SC3-5995 9-11
TR5-7613 5-9

Edward Fields
Marc Firestone
Stephen Firestone
Paul Fisher
Robbie Fisher
William Fleissig
Andy Friedzman
Lawrence Friedman

12 Cooper Road
28 West 12 St
28 West 12 St
227-06 Strngrst Av
5 Legion Place
243 Soundview Ave
49 Knollwood Dr
9 Yankee Hill Rd

Scarsdale NY
New York NY 10011
New York NY 10011
Queens Vlge NY 11427
Malverne NY
White Plains NY
Larchmont NY
Westport Conn

SC3-5527 1-26
242-8292 4-27
242-8292 6-4
HO4-4777 4-27
LY9-8005 6-28
WH6-6221 3-17
TE4-4677 8-27
227-9650 8-31



Bobby Gidding
Joseph Gilford
Peter Gladstone
Steven Gomprecht
Andrew Gordon
Michael Gordon
Henry Granderson
Paul Grossman
Gary Gurner
Michael Guthartz

Bob Harmon
Jonathan Haskell
Larry Hertzog
Stephen Hoffman
Paul Housberg

David Jaffee
David Kanof
Gilbert Kaplan
Jerrold Kaplan
Paul Kaufman
Victor Kempster
Barry Klemons
Charles Knittle
Mitchell Koch
Joshua Konecky
Steven Korff
Gordon Kraus
Michael Kraus
Paul Krauth

John Lande
Matthew Leeds
Eric Lenes
Jonathan Levy

903 West 8 St
75 Bank Street
5 Brookview Terr
15 West 72 St
160 W End Av 11E
25477 Bryden Rd
114-27 - 149 St
3240 Hnry Hdsn Pky
908 Sheffield Rd
85-23 Kent St

25 Sterling Rd
37 Pearl Street
838 Perry Lane
11 South Drive
11 The Hemlocks

70 East 96 St
737 Park Ave
1 Lancaster Dr
150 East 69 St
15 Egil Court
1148 Fifth Ave
200 Corbin Pl
535 East 86 St
9 Outer Road
750 Kappock St
309 West 104 St
141-30 Pershing Cres
217-15 - 77 Ave
2 Hillside Ave

325 Central Park W
325 East 57 St
27 Baylor Circle
43 Graham Ave

Plainfield NJ
New York NY 10014
Hillsdale NJ
New York NY 10023
New York NY 10023
Beachwood Ohio 44122
Jamaica NY 11436
Bronx NY 10463
Teaneck NJ
Jamaica NY 11432

Harrison NY
Valley Stream NY
Teaneck NJ
Great Neck NY 11021
Roslyn Estates NY

New York NY 10028
New York NY 10021
Endicott NY
New York NY 10021
Roslyn NY
New York NY 10028
Brooklyn NY 11235
New York NY 10028
S Norwalk Conn 06854
Riverdale NY 10463
New York NY 10025
Jamaica NY 11435
Bayside NY 11364
Great Neck NY

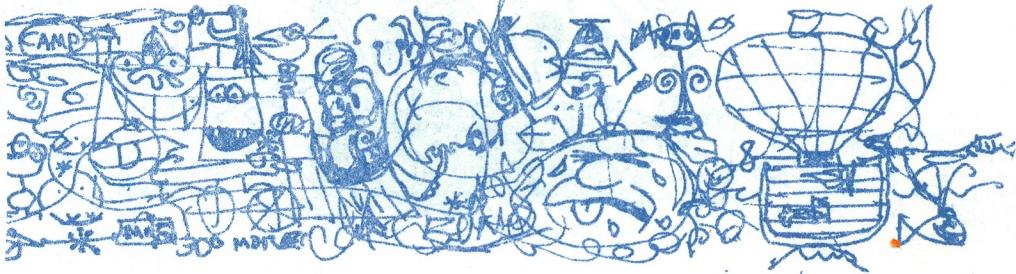
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New York NY 10022
White Plains NY
Metuchen NJ

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CH3-7012 12-6
NO4-4335 10-13
877-9595 9-18
362-5320 8-5
464-9047 5-30
OL9-0159 7-31
K16-2639 3-12
TE7-6664 6-29
JA6-0208 5-14

W07-4017 3-21
PYL-7495 4-16
TE7-2582 6-25
HU2-1122 1-13
621-8713 1-31

EN9-9183 7-22
RE7-5514 8-20
P18-6113 7-9
YU8-2011 3-25
484-1329 5-6
SA2-2129 7-14
TWI-0940 5-20
RE7-0024 8-24
838-2640 2-2
K19-1906 3-11
749-4138 3-30
OL7-9529 4-22
SP6-1173 1-4
HU2-1196 1-18

AC2-0844 1-4
PL1-3374 12-5
WH6-0446 10-4
L18-1012 1-11



Jonathan Light
Joseph Lipton
Robert Lipton
Leib Lurie

458 E Prospect Ave
556 Green Place
556 Green Place
180 Cabrini Blvd

Mount Vernon NY
Woodmere NY
Woodmere NY
New York NY 10033

MO4-0169 3-31
FR4-4723 2-20
FR4-4723 7-9
SW5-6942 2-2

Michael Mackey
Jeffrey Mackler
Robert Mackler
Andy Maltz
Jeffrey Mandell
Stuart Marcus
Michael Marrapese
Ricky Maslow
Daniel Mehlman
Paul Miller
Todd Milton
Bob Mittelman

185 Scholes St
280 Ninth Ave
220-15 - 77 Ave
178 Great Hills Dr
799 Wenwood Dr
285 Dolphin Dr
28 Bath Street
71 Glenview Rd
510 East 23 St
3970 Hillman Av
510 East 84 St
323 Oxford Road

Brooklyn NY 11206
New York NY 10001
Bayside NY 11364
South Orange NJ
East Meadow NY 11554
Woodmere NY 11598
Lido Beach NY
South Orange NJ
New York NY 10010
Bronx NY 10463
New York NY 10028
New Rochelle NY

EU7-3389 10-26
YU9-4931 4-30
HO4-9662 9-28
SO2-9148 7-2
IVI-1194 10-27
FR4-1237 4-16
GE2-5611 8-26
SO3-1183 10-6
677-6277 8-18
K18-4611 6-16
RH4-3063 6-1
NE2-8888 6-9

Steven Newman

21 Vanderbilt Rd

Scarsdale NY

SC3-9587 8-6

Gerald Osofsky
Harvey Oxenhorn

72-08 - 162 St
2008 Stratford Dr

Flushing NY 11365
Westbury NY 11590

AX7-5206 5-29
333-4082 7-22

Kenneth Plotnik
Eric Poulos
Kenneth Probst

138-23 - 78 Ave
21-36 - 33 Road
136 Hicks St

Flushing NY 11367
Astoria NY
Brooklyn NY 11201

JA6-5881 6-2
YE2-5996 5-15
UL8-0792 8-19

David Rabinowitz
Matthew Raider
William Reinus
Michael Robison
Robert Rosenthal
Robert Rosenwasser

2515 Yates Ave
2225 Parkhurst Rd
1049 Park Ave
3 Devonshire Dr
8 Pebble Lane
144-45 - 70 Rd

Bronx NY 10469
Elmont NY 11003
New York NY 10028
White Plains NY 10605
Roslyn Heights NY
Flushing NY 11367

TU2-4258 6-6
PR5-4056 11-1
TE1-0053 10-26
WH8-7712 1-14
MA1-3534 4-27
LI4-6354 1-15

Robert Saftler
Robert Salter
Dean Schaffer
Jonathan Scharf
Roger Schechter

1483 Beech La
110 East End Av
15 Myrtledale Rd
189-15B - 73 Av
2013 Mermaid Av

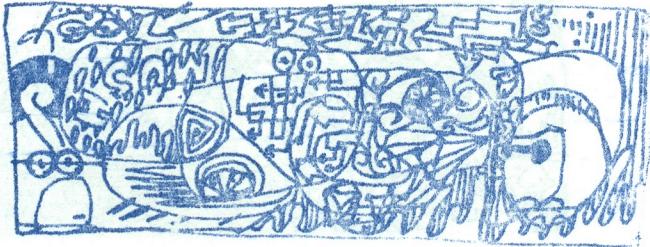
East Meadow NY
New York NY 10028
Scarsdale NY
Fresh Meadows NY 11365
Brooklyn NY 11224

IV9-5305 12-12
LE5-6019 8-18
SC3-6050 2-16
GL4-8177 6-5
ES2-5595 10-12



Henry Schneiderman	152 East 4 Ave	Roselle NJ	CHI-0425	9-27
Marvin Schreiber	1655 East 28 St	Brooklyn NY 11229	DE8-0797	7-11
Larry Schwartz	98 Havilands La	White Plains NY 10605	WH6-3215	8-20
Matthew Schwartzberg	99-45 - 67 Road	Forest Hills NY 11375	IL9-3159	11-22
Robert Shasha	15 Cotswold Way	Scarsdale NY	SC3-8546	3-11
James Sherman	25 Central Park W	New York NY 10023	C17-6333	10-18
Gene Shwab	30 North Star Dr	Morristown NJ 07960	JE8-6730	2-27
David Sims	1 Hummingbird Dr	Roslyn NY	MA6-1611	5-22
Billy Spain	3 Tyler Road	Scarsdale NY	SC5-2466	4-22
Robby Spain	3 Tyler Road	Scarsdale NY	SC5-2466	5-9
Ricky Spiegel	52 Wimbleton La	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-1937	1-15
Alex Stein	298 West 11 St	New York NY 10014	WA4-6327	5-28
Josh Stein	55 Elizabeth Rd	New Rochelle NY 10804	NE2-8067	5-18
Adam Sternberg	1292 Coronet Dr	Baldwin NY	BA3-2635	3-31
Mark Strickler	31 Lafayette Dr	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-2507	8-29
Michael Tillman	10514 Cascade Pl	Silver Spring Md	LO5-8781	10-12
Richard Tillman	10514 Cascade Pl	Silver Spring Md	LO5-8781	2-24
Seth Weber	1749 Lilbet Road	Teaneck NJ	TE6-6624	10-27
Lawrence Wechsler	1231 Bennington Av	Pittsburgh Pa	MU2-3322	7-2
Tom Weiman	67 Gregory Ave	West Orange NJ	731-0177	11-13
Joshua Weinstein	24 Lafayette Dr	Woodmere NY 11598	FR4-4084	4-8
Larry Weiss	2517 Yates Ave	Bronx NY 10469	TU2-7519	2-23
Scott Wellman	228-10 Stronghurst Av	Queens Village NY 11427	HO4-4793	3-23
Paul Wexler	365 West 25 St	New York NY 10001	CH3-0319	5-2
Joshua Wiesner	61 Shattuck Rd	Watertown Mass	926-1924	1-5
Jonathan Wild	147 Deerfield La	Pleasantville NY	RO9-4686	12-30
Edward Yelin	657 Cameron Rd	So Orange NJ 07079	SO3-2280	6-13
David Yohalem	192 Beechmont Dr	New Rochelle NY	NE2-0658	2-19
Gregg Young	103 Red Ground Rd	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-1218	6-10
Matthew Zalichin	555 Haviland Rd	Stamford Conn	322-8400	3-25
Richard Ziskin	2232 Leighton Rd	Elmont NY	FL2-8857	3-23
David Zitner	83 Pine Hill Rd	Great Neck NY	HU7-8667	10-15
Lee Zlotoff	175 Beach 149 St	Neponsit NY 11694	945-0232	4-29

GIRLS



1967-1968
1968-1969
1969-1970
Joyce Abbott
Anne Marie Abram
Rachel Abram
Isabel Abramowitz
Peggy Adelson
Susan Aronoff

1970-1971
Janie Bassuk
Nina Bassuk
Elizabeth Bauman
Linda Bernstein
Linda Bierer
Ilene Sue Binder
Helen Blechman
Sara Bolder
Paola Borgatta
Jean Bresler
Carol Brodkin
Rhoda Bronston
Steffi Brooks
Lisa Buchberg
Susan Buchbinder
Amy Bushwick

1971-1972
Pamela Clark
Jo Ann Clurman
Aviva Cohen
Marcia Cohen
Naomi Cohen
Deirdre Coltrera
Barbara Cooper
Rosalyn Cowit

1972-1973
Tammy Dames
Ellen David
Joanne Drapkin
Jean Drukker

1968-1969
1969-1970
1970-1971
43-10 Kissena Blvd
5 Norton Drive
5 Norton Drive
78-54 - 223 St
65 Griffen Ave
10 Kelwynne Rd

1971-1972
141-50 Grnd Cntrl Pky
1044 East 28 St
21 Shadow Lane
13 Jordan Drive
993 Park Avenue
80-41 - 215 St
19 Bellingham La
4081 Ocean Ave
320 Clinton Ave
4 Stanley Road
5533 King Edward
184-37 Hovenden Rd
24 Shadow Lane
Farm Road
2317 Throop Ave
201 Eastern Pkwy

1972-1973
116-02 - 202 St
140 Riverside Dr
79 West 12 St 16A
79 West 12 St 16A
3835 Bailey Ave
69 Willow St
56-37 Cloverdale Blvd
220-10 - 77 Ave

1973-1974
33-68 - 21 St
8 Knoll Lane
220-48 - 77 Ave
30 Cow Lane

1968-1969
1969-1970
1970-1971
Flushing NY 11355
Roosevelt NY 98-80
Roosevelt NY
Flushing NY 11364
Scarsdale NY
Scarsdale NY 10583

1971-1972
Jamaica NY 11435
Brooklyn NY 11210
Great Neck NY
Great Neck NY
New York NY 10028
Queens Village NY 11427
Great Neck NY
Brooklyn NY 11235
Dobbs Ferry NY
White Plains NY
Cote St Luc Que Canada
Jamaica NY 11432
Great Neck NY
Ardsley NY 10502
Bronx NY 10469
Brooklyn NY 11238

1972-1973
St Albans NY 11412
New York NY 10024
New York NY 10011
New York NY 10011
Bronx NY 10463
Brooklyn NY 11201
Bayside NY 11364
Bayside NY 11364

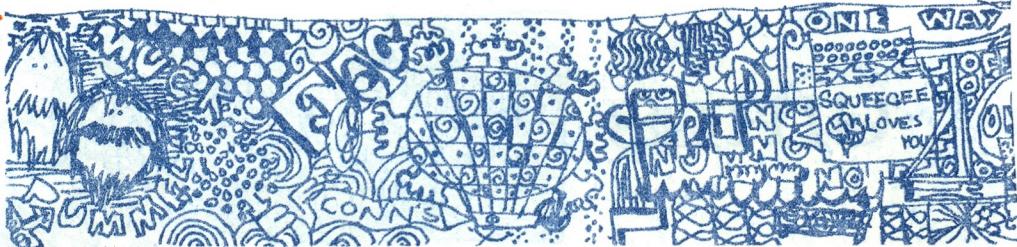
1973-1974
Long Island City NY 1106
Roslyn Hghts NY 11577
Bayside NY 11364
Great Neck NY

FL3-3324 5-5
BA3-0454 11-22
BA3-0454 5-22
SP6-5939 8-27
SC3-5615 3-21
SC5-1096 7-23

JA3-1868 8-29
CL8-6317 2-16
HU2-8087 12-13
HU7-2805 7-25
YU8-4723 7-19
HO4-8790 7-28
HU2-3147 3-3
TWI-0524 4-20
OW3-9415 3-7
RO1-2625 5-9
489-6428 12-15
OL8-7416 9-7
HU7-6059 9-23
OW3-5220 4-18
OW5-4799 5-12
NE8-4361 2-19

LA5-7417 1-10
SU7-6456 9-25
OR5-4996 1-6
OR5-4996 10-28
K18-0828 1-16
UL2-1003 7-30
BA4-3154 6-2
465-8461 10-9

YE2-4238 3-25
MAI-1876 5-7
HO8-9831 6-15
HU7-7264 5-21



Amy Eden
Shelley Eiber
Susan Evans
Laura Ewen
Kate Ezra

30 Sniffen Road
812 Park Avenue
370 First Avenue
85-03 - 150 St
69-52 - 228 St

Westport Conn 06880
New York NY 10021
New York NY 10010
Jamaica NY 11435
Bayside NY 11364

227-4648 2-11
TR9-6384 11-28
GR5-7262 7-7
OL7-8469 12-9
HA8-1809 4-8

Karen Farber
Janet Fine
Susan Fishbein
Laura Flax
Diane Foner
Robin Forman
Laura Fried
Judy Friedman
Nancy Friedman

88 Lotus Oval So
375 Brower Ave
55 Ridge Drive
322 West Walnut St
918 Avenue P
140 Wooley's Lane
400 West End Ave
49 Knollwood Dr
33-05 - 90 St

Valley Stream NY
Rockville Centre NY
Westbury NY
Long Beach NY 11561
Brooklyn NY 11223
Great Neck NY 11023
New York NY 10024
Larchmont NY
Jackson Heights NY 11372

PY1-5531 5-17
RO4-9817 9-13
ED4-0710 10-20
GE2-0216 7-27
DE6-0829 7-21
HU2-4408 5-24
EN2-3326 11-8
TE4-4677 3-17
OL1-4727 5-1

Robin Glickman
Emilie Glicksman
Melva Goldstein
Phylis Goldstein
Judy Goldzweig
Nancy Goodman
Elizabeth Gottlieb
Robin Gowa
Lee Green
Lissa Griffin

181 Lyncroft Rd
25 Knolls Crescent
477 FDR Dr MI406
3000 Ocean Pkway
302 Linden Place
42 Wildwood Lane
4930 Goodridge Av
1673 East 28 St
737 Downing St
80 Knightsbridge Rd

New Rochelle NY
New York NY 10463
New York NY 10002
Brooklyn NY 11235
West Hempstead NY
Roslyn Heights NY
Riverdale NY 11127
Brooklyn NY 11229
Teaneck NJ
Great Neck NY 10021

NE3-6678 3-28
K18-5769 8-6
CA8-1580 8-5
996-1026 8-30
IV6-6877 11-29
MA1-7810 5-8
TU4-1221 11-22
CL2-4108 2-7
TE6-1263 10-15
HN6-0729 5-31

Aralee Hambro
Alice Hersh
Louise Hirschman
Ruth Hoberman
Laurie Horn

170 East 83 St
6709 Loring Court
938 Woodbine St
505 East 79 St
River Road

New York NY 10028
Bethesda Md 20034
Pittsburgh Pa 15201
New York NY 10021
Scarborough NY

RH4-4846 7-29
365-1207 4-12
781-0968 1-18
249-0024 8-30
RO2-0471 2-25

Ellen Jacobs
Paula Jacobson

87-02 - 143 St
53-04 - 190 St

Jamaica NY 11435
Flushing NY 11365

OL7-4815 2-4
FL7-6251 3-21

Karen Kahn
Renna Kaplan
Robin Kappy
Emily Kaufman

9 Coach Lane
1130 East 27 St
9 Avondale Rd
15 Egil Court

Westport Conn
Brooklyn NY 11210
Plainview NY 11803
Roslyn NY

227-9040 3-11
EL2-1878 5-9
OVI-1782 10-26
484-1329 5-8

Jackie Keverson	314 East 201 St	Bronx NY 10458	FO7-9642	10-21
Linda Kiel	2127 Leighton Rd	Elmont NY 11003	GE7-3965	2-7
Elaine Koch	9 Outer Road	So Norwalk Conn 06854	838-2640	12-2
Deborah Koff	420 East 79 St	New York NY 10021	UNI-0345	7-8
Jeanne Kolker	49 Harvest Drive	Scarsdale NY	SC5-2004	11-10
Gail Korman	1 Washington Rd	Scarsdale NY 10584	SC5-4239	1-15
Elizabeth Krisel	33-68 - 21 St	Long Island City NY	RAI-4951	1-30
Marien Lansky	83-30 - 263 St	Floral Park NY 11004	F17-8958	4-18
Karen LaRocca	108-20 - 62 Dr	Forest Hills NY 11375	IL9-6967	6-28
Victoria Lawrence	502 N Brookside Av	Freeport NY	FR8-3535	7-28
Carol Lazare	130 West 86 St	New York NY 10024	SU7-6553	8-19
Marjorie Levinson	117 Oak Avenue	Metuchen NJ	L18-4261	6-30
Jane Levitt	875 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10021	RE4-2338	1-14
Naomi Maier	729 Park Ave	New York NY 10021	BU8-5573	3-12
Lisa Mann	505 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	EN2-1019	8-16
Aline Mayer	9 Inverness Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-4182	5-10
Julie Miller	10 West 9 St	New York NY 10011	OR4-8075	4-5
Andrea Narins	9 Stratton Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-5466	9-15
Laura Natkins	75-15 - 35 Ave	Jackson Heights NY	HA6-8715	6-19
Susan Orville	29 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-7280	11-18
Nancy Parmet	98 Joseph St	New Hyde Park NY	FL2-7701	7-7
Nancy Perlov	56-36 - 220 St	Bayside NY 11364	BA4-8836	10-5
Deborah Pope	20 St Paul's Crf	Brooklyn NY 11226	IN2-1026	3-9
Caren Rabinowitz	8 East 183 St	New York NY 10028	YU8-8796	10-17
Marcia Roberts	698 E 166 St	Bronx NY 10456	K12-8182	3-28
Melissa Roberts	105 West 72 St	New York NY 10023	LY5-8002	2-23
Paula Roberts	698 E 166 St	Bronx NY 10456	K12-8182	12-9
Amy Rodman	34 Nassau Dr	Great Neck NY	HU2-7681	7-11
Judith Rosenbaum	22 Woodbine Ave	Larchmont NY	TE4-0345	5-7
Karen Rosenberg	91-02 - 68 Ave	Forest Hills NY 11375	L14-3165	9-25



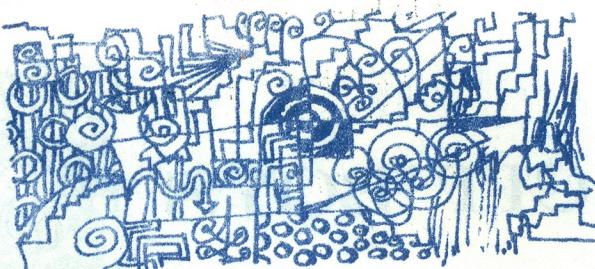
Amy Rothberg	69-26 - 171 St	Flushing NY 11365	OL7-1638 4-4
Debbie Rothman	139 Beacon Hill Dr	Dobbs Ferry NY 10522	OW3-5392 10-10
Kay Rovins	302 Wilton Rd	Westport Conn	227-6505 12-9
Karen Rudnick	225-11 - 88 Ave	Queens Village NY 11427	HO8-9726 7-11
Lucy Rumack	1-A Ascot Ridge	Great Neck NY	HU2-8583 1-11
Madeline Sardin	6 Peter Lane	New Hyde Park NY	PR5-3698 4-1
Margery Schaefer	39 Crescent Lane	Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-5651 6-30
Elizabeth Schnur	125 East 72 St	New York NY 10021	UNI-0866 12-7
Betsy Schulz	4711 Independence Av	Riverdale NY 10471	K18-3658 4-23
Ellen Schwartz	816 Jefferson St	Woodmere NY	CE9-3956 10-5
Joan Schwartz	19 Huron Road	Yonkers NY	SP9-6645 10-4
Penny Schwartz	98 Havilands La	White Plains NY 10605	WH6-3215 1-18
Amy Shawn	8 Rogers Ave	Hartsdale NY	WH6-5970 5-27
Robin Simons	300 East 57 St	New York NY 10022	PL1-6774 7-1
Laura Spano	50 Hickory Dr	Roslyn NY	MA1-0676 9-18
Barbara Spivak	205 Third Ave	New York NY 10003	YU2-8556 11-8
Abby Stockman	1 Colonial La	Larchmont NY	TE4-4311 6-13
Joan Strachman	27 Southern Rd	Hartsdale NY	OW3-0130 3-16
Wendy Stuart	106 Magnolia La	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-4949 5-14
Jamie Studley	1 Studley Blvd	Woodridge NY	434-4752 4-30
Laurie Sugarman	9 Old Hill Road	Westport Conn	227-2268 1-17
Jane Tavalin	647 East 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3470 3-28
Laura Thomases	42 Patton Blvd	New Hyde Park NY 11043	FL4-6576 5-1
Claudia Wagner	2220 Parkhurst Rd	Elmont NY 11003	FL2-6618 11-10
Laura Wasserman	157 Ann Street	Valley Stream NY	VA5-2088 12-30
Janet Weiss	432 E Sidney Ave	Mount Vernon NY	MO4-0470 1-17
Jane Weston	92 Hazelwood Dr	Jericho NY	OV1-2554 5-21
Sharon White	970 Tinton Ave	Bronx NY 10456	DA3-0483 9-28
Marjorie Wiener	35 Clover Dr	Great Neck NY	HU7-1027 12-17
Tami Wilson	572 Grand St	New York NY 10002	YU2-2283 12-12
Lois Woltag	155 Langham St	Brooklyn NY 11235	DE2-7617 4-26
Gayle Young	103 Red Ground Rd	Roslyn Hghts NY 11577	MA1-1218 12-21
Frann Ziskin	2232 Leighton Rd	Elmont NY	FL2-8857 4-7

CIT BOYS



Marc Abraham	226-51 - 77 Ave	Flushing NY 11364	SP6-1876 1-23
Norman Acunis	3021 Avenue Z	Brooklyn NY 11235	SH3-1505 1-12
David Appleby	750 Kappock St	Bronx NY 10463	K19-9085 12-4
Donald Bloomfield	551 East Shore Rd	Great Neck NY 11024	HU7-8167 12-27
Joshua Bloomgarden	114 Sutton Manor	New Rochelle NY	BE5-0044 7-29
Larry Bolder	4081 Ocean Ave	Brooklyn NY 11235	TWI-0524 9-17
Daniel Brown	1200 Fifth Ave	New York NY 10029	TE1-3611 2-14
Ronny Burstein	44 Ash Lane	Hicksville NY	WE8-6669 1-24
Alan Cohen	157 East Drive	N Massapequa NY 11761	CH9-2946 5-6
Bennett Cohen	1388 Millwood La	Merrick NY	FR8-7083 3-18
Richard Cohen	32-42 - 91 St	Jackson Hghts NY 11369	HA4-1252 7-16
Kenneth Gartlin	220 Piccadilly Rd	Great Neck NY	HU7-6683 6-21
Jeffrey Gold	7 Arthur Circle	Chester Pa 19013	TR2-7278 1-15
Sam Haupt	218-37 Grnd Cntrl Pky	Hollis Hills NY 11427	HO8-8812 1-17
Ted Jick	46 Meriam St	Lexington Mass	861-0784 12-15
Philip Korman	251 Adams Lane	Hewlett NY 11557	FR4-9407 2-4
David Marshall	96 Croyden Av	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-2182 11-29
Andrew Quient	45 Sugar Maple La	Glen Cove NY	OR1-8489 6-19
Eric Ram	17 Wensley Dr	Great Neck NY 11021	HU2-8478 6-4
Stephen Rubenstein	111-15 - 77 Rd	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO1-3888 8-28
Marvin Ruderman	37 Shore Park Rd	Great Neck NY	HU7-9875 2-5
Peter Rumack	1-A Ascot Ridge	Great Neck NY	HU2-8583 9-8
David Shapero	34 Hubbard Ave	Stamford Conn	348-2938 10-13
Fred Spiegel	52 Wimbleton La	Great Neck NY 11023	HU2-1937 6-21
James Stuart	106 Magnolia La	Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-4949 10-12
Kenneth Swarth	732 Berry Court	West Hempstead NY	IV6-8572 6-19
Mark Walfish	157 Beaumont St	Brooklyn NY 11235	NI8-8515 10-28
Neil Wasserman	157 Ann Street	Valley Stream NY	VA5-2088 10-18
Gerald Weinman	19 Stuyvesant Oval	New York NY 10009	CA8-2605 3-16
Billy Weinstock	1 Knollwood Dr	Larchmont NY	TE4-0634 8-19
Martin Weiss	432 E Sidney Av	Mount Vernon NY	MO4-0470 11-26
Dan Weston	92 Hazelwood Dr	Jericho NY	OV1-2554 10-15

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Lucy Balter	5155 Post Road	Bronx NY 10471	KI3-9176	9-23
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Wendie Cohen	77 Merrivale Rd	Great Neck NY	HU2-2943	2-4
Susan Griss	150-67 Village Rd	Jamaica NY 11432	MAXI-3383	8-9
Vivian Hale	35 Cornell Drive	Great Neck NY	HU7-2581	5-8
Amy Handler	430 East 86 St	New York NY 10028	RE4-2472	9-12
Karen Hersh	305 West 86 St	New York NY 10024	LY5-9064	8-17
Ruth Kaplan	175 Chapman Rd	Fountainville Pa 18923	348-5210	8-12
Terry Kraus	141-30 Pershing Cres	Jamaica NY 11435	OL7-9529	12-30
Laurie Levinson	117 Oak Avenue	Metuchen NJ	L18-4261	11-23
Farrel Levy	43 Graham Ave	Metuchen NJ	548-1012	8-14
Dana Mann	196 Bengeyfield Dr	East Williston NY	PI6-7656	7-17
Nancy Newman	21 Vanderbilt Rd	Scarsdale NY	SC3-9857	3-28
Lynn Oettinger	565 West End Ave	New York NY 10024	SC4-3759	7-30
Elizabeth Reiner	14 Magnolia Dr	Great Neck NY	HU2-4383	12-25
Beverley Roberts	698 East 166 St	Bronx NY 10456	K12-8182	8-4
Arlene Selvern	516 New Hyde Pk Rd	New Hyde Park NY	PR5-0434	11-15
Nina Seymann	150 West 87 St	New York NY 10024	TR7-0269	3-7
Laura Shapiro	56 Willey Ave	Liberty NY	292-6775	8-18
Jennifer Sookne	400 Central Park W	New York NY 10025	749-6797	5-14
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Peggy Weiner	24 Rockingham Pl	Glen Rock NJ	444-1036	6-29
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Debby Goldfarb	530 West End Av	New York NY 10024	SU7-3852	2-12
Peter Gordon	25477 Bryden Rd	Beachwood Ohio	464-9047	4-1
Judith Kalinkowitz	250 First Ave	New York NY 10009	OR7-0627	10-24
David Kane	3162 Birch Dr	Wantagh NY	SU5-0723	11-20
Michael Kempster	1148 Fifth Av	New York NY 10028	SA2-2129	11-25
Mark Kleinman	6784 Groton St	Forest Hills NY 11375	BO8-4251	11-12
Ken Markham	9 Oakley Ave	East Williston NY	PI2-9307	4-22
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Peter Reynolds	290 West 234 St	Bronx NY 10463	K18-1964	11-19
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Peter Orville	29 Shadow Lane	Great Neck NY	HU7-7280	1-26
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Frances Spitz	233 West 77 St	New York NY 10024	EN2-0180	2-16
Karen Steinberg	62-44 Cromwell Cres	Rego Park NY 11374	IL9-5571	12-18
Sidney Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St	Forest Hills NY	TW7-8218	12-12
Steven Sweet	165 West End Ave	New York NY 10023	TR7-8126	12-6
Peter Tavalin	647 East 14 St	New York NY 10009	OR7-3740	7-1
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Clara Torres	308 West 93 St	New York NY 10025	662-6955	
Robert Vogel	125-10 Queens Blvd	Kew Gardens NY	BO1-7117	4-19
Eugene Vollinsky	1210 Elder Ave	Bronx NY 10472	842-2874	12-15
Judith Voss	48 Woodbury Rd	Huntington NY	HA3-4082	3-10
Hal, Florence Wasserman	157 Ann Street	Valley Stream NY	VA5-2088	
Ira, Phyllis Weiss	105-44 Flatlands 1 St	Brooklyn NY 11236	241-9377	
Leigh Weiss	42 Hawley Street	Buffalo NY	TA9-1666	
Mattie Wright	1148 Union St	Brooklyn NY 11225	IN7-9676	
Daniel Yavner	1595 Metropolitan Av	Bronx NY 10462	TA8-9162	10-9
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Arnold, Ruth Zlotoff	175 Beach 149 St	Neponsit NY 11694	945-0232	

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Form

THOSE FIRST CHAOTIC HOURS - all shop photos except
"Ernst" by Matthew Zalchin
SILVER PIECES by Jane Bassuk, Laura Flax, Debby Koff, Laura Thomas,
Sue Fishbein, Harvey Oxenhorn
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IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT - all shop photos
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Relations

PAINTINGS by Ranan Burstein, Steven Brodkin
SILKSCREEN by Ricky Maslow
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SILKSCREEN by Robert Rosenwasser
CRAFTS UNIT by Daniel Mehlman, Doug Binder, Vivian Hale, Karen
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PHOTO UNIT by John Lande, Steve Firestone and the photo shop

Perception

SILKSCREEN by Ricky Spiegel
SCULPTURE PIECES by Ronny Burstein, Ken Probst, Andy Maltz
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Emmy Weiner

Dan Brown

Marc Abraham



Patterns, always
the tiny, the mass
the mottled, the smooth
in front of the milky sky

The wind, the hand that turns
the kaleidoscope, the pattern
I'm a pebble used, I'm lost as myself
But is it God playing with a toy?
If I'm a toy
If I'm a toy...

Sometimes
when I take myself
very seriously
I jump up and run
around
around

Emmy Weiner

